# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 50. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.


## SAINTS AND SCHOLARS.

### Magnificent Lecture of the Rev. Father Donnelly, S. J., on the Ancient Schools and Seats of Learning in Holy Ireland.

#### Splendid Tribute Paid to the Illuminating Talent of the Irish Masters, as Shown in the Gaelic Books That Have Escaped Destruction.

[*Catholic Times, Nov. 27.*]

The annual discourses in aid of All Souls' Schools, Liverpool, were preached in All Souls' church on Sunday last by Rev. Father Donnelly, S.J., overflowing congregations being present at both services. The evening sermon was an eloquent and instructive address on "The Ancient Schools of Ireland." After some preliminary remarks Father Donnelly said: When Patrick landed on the shores of Erin he found an organized pagan priesthood, with a learning and philosophy of their own; he found the customary laws of the tribes ordered to a legal system and administered by a specially trained body of Brehons or judges; he found the annals of the nation carefully preserved, and the leading men of the tribes acquainted not only with the Ogham alphabet, but also with the letters, if not with the language of Rome. Within the space of sixty years he won the greater part of the land to embrace the saving truths of Christianity. But Patrick's work was not merely the conversion of the Irish race; he purified their laws, gave new inspiration to their bards, and laid the foundation of that system of education which for the next three centuries made Ireland the light and glory of Western Europe, winning for her the glorious title of *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*. From the fifth to the eighth century, says Montalembert, Ireland became one of the great centres of Christianity in the world, and not only of mere Christian holiness and virtue, but also of knowledge, literature and that intellectual life with which the new faith was about to endow Europe. While the vigor of Christianity in Italy, Gaul and Spain was exhausted in a bare struggle for life, Ireland, which remained unscourged by the invaders, drew from its conversion an energy which it has never known since. Christianity had been received with a burst of popular acclamation, and letters and arts sprung up in its train. The science and biblical knowledge which fled from the Continent took refuge in famous schools which made Durrow and Armagh the universities of the West. With an unbounded zeal that extorted the admiration of Patrick, the sons and daughters of Erin gave themselves up to a monastic life. Enamored of the Virgin's son, they consecrated their virginity to God, and with extraordinary ardor applied themselves to the cultivation of letters.

Within a century after the death of St. Patrick, says Bishop Nicholson, the Irish seminaries had so increased that most parts of Europe had sent their children to be educated here, and drew thence their bishops and teachers. The whole country round Leighlin was called "the land of saints and scholars." It would seem, however, that it was not till a short time after Patrick's death that the great schools of Erin began to flourish. He and his fellow missionaries had to win over to the fold the vast mass of the people that were wandering in the shades of darkness and death. No sooner had this been done than the fiery Celtic nature, yearning for an outlet in which to expend its zeal, turned to the cultivation of virtue and science with an ardor and impetuosity which achieved such marvelous results that for a long time the modern mind stood aghast and incredulous. About 484, Enda, of the royal blood, of Oriel, who had embraced the monastic rule during the lifetime of St. Patrick, and had travelled over to Britain, probably to Whithern, to be trained in sacred learning, obtained from his brother-in-law, Angus, King of Munster, as a present, the wild and lonely islands of Aran in Galway Bay, peopled by a race of idolators who hated God and His saints. Enda changed Aran Mor into Aran of the Saints, the holiest spot on Irish soil. From every quarter of the island did religious men flock to hear him; thither came Finnian of Clontard, the tutor of the twelve apostles of Ireland, to drink in heavenly wisdom from the lips of the blessed Enda; and Finnian of Moville, from the farthest north, the tutor of the great St. Columbkille; thither, too, came St. Columbkille himself, with the scholar's belt and book satchel to learn divine wisdom. Here he took his turn in grinding the corn and herding the sheep, he studied the scriptures and learned the virtues of a true monk, as practiced by the fathers of the desert, and as daily exemplified in the life and conversation of Enda and his companions.

How dearly he loved Aran, and how bitterly he sorrowed in his soul when the Son of God called him away from that beloved island to other labors and to other fields, we know from his own writing:

Farewell to Aran Isle, farewell,
I steer for Hy; my heart is sore;
The breakers burst, the billows swell
Twixt Aran Isle and Alba's shore.

Thither, too, came Kieran, the carpenter's son, best beloved of all Enda's disciples. And when the time had come for Kieran to leave his loving master, Enda and his monks came down with him to the sea shore, and their eyes were moist and their hearts were sorrow-laden. Then Kieran, kneeling down on the white sand, begged his holy Father's blessing, while the tears were streaming down his cheeks. The anguish was so great that Enda at last lifted up his voice and wept aloud: "Oh, my brethren," he said, "why should I not weep? This day our island has lost its choicest flower and the tower of religious observance." Here, too, we find St. Brendan, the navagator, and St. Jarlath of Tuam, St. Carthage the elder of Lismore, and the two St. Kevins of Glendalough, and many another of the glorious saints of the monastic development in Ireland. Great as was the influence of Enda, greater still was the influence of Finnian who, like himself, had travelled into Britain, and had there been instructed in sacred learning, especially in the knowledge of the holy scriptures, by St. Dubritius, bishop of Llandaff; St. David, archbishop of Menevia, and St. Cadoc, of Llancarvan. He diffused the learning and practice of Llancarvan in Ireland.

It was about 525 that St. Finnian established the school at Clontard, the most celebrated in Erin during the sixth century. Soon a great crowd of scholars flocked to him. Abbots left their monasteries, bishops their cathedrals, some of them older than Finnian himself, to drink in the words of heavenly wisdom that flowed from his lips. To Clonard came all the men who were famous afterwards as the Twelve Apostles of Erin. No less than 3,000 scholars gathered round him in his little cell of wattles and clay which he had built in the wilderness close to the marshy banks of the Boyne river. It was the study of sacred scripture that was especially cultivated at Clonard; it was the power that he possessed of expounding the sacred script to his scholars that secured for Finnian his pre-eminence beyond all his contemporaries and filled all the schools of Clonard not only with scholars but with masters in Israel, who came with the rest to acquire Divine wisdom.

About 540 St. Finnian planted his monastic school at Moville; in 543 St. Kieran founded Clonmacnoise, for centuries the greatest seat of learning in the South; in 545 St. Columba founded his great monastery of Derry; in 553 the great school of Durrow, and in 554 that of Kells arose under his skill and guidance. In 557 St. Brendan, after long and toilsome wanderings over sea and land, settled down by the banks of the Shannon, and established at Clonfert a seminary of learning which was Ireland's greatest treasure in the West. In 559 St. Comgall founded Bangor, celebrated for the thousands of students that flocked to its sacred precincts, for the dauntless martyrs who laid down their lives for the faith in the Danish invasions, and for the self-sacrificing missionaries which it sent forth to pagan lands. In 563 Columba sailed for Scotland and made his great settlement at Iona, which was henceforth for three centuries a centre for the diffusion of civilization and true religious belief among the Picts of Scotland and the Angles of England. In 636 St. Carthage the younger, raised up to the glory of God a school which ranked second only to Clonmacnoise, and whose fame spread even to sunny Tarentum, in southern Italy, where the Irishman, St. Cataldus, spread the fame of the schools of his native land. Fired with apostolic zeal, Irish missionaries went forth to the conquest of the West, and wherever they planted their feet, they planted likewise the knowledge of literature and science and art which they had acquired in their own green isle. Thus St. Columba's monastery at Iona was a beacon of light to Scotland and the North of England, and his disciples followed up and completed the task that had been taken up and left unfinished by St. Paulinus.

St. Columbanus, the greatest missionary that the Irish race has ever known, the glory of the School of Bangor, astonished the scholars of Gaul and Italy as much by the variety of his learning as by the austerity of his life, while his famous foundations of Luxeuil and Bobbio, were centres of light to the population of Gaul and North Italy. His disciple, St. Gall, started in the wilds of Switzerland, the most celebrated of all the ancient seats of learning. In every school of Irish origin by whomsoever they were founded, or on whatever soil they flourished, we find study blended with the duties of the missionary and the cenobite. The Irish monks studied the classics, the mechanical arts, law, history and physic. They transferred to their new homes all the learning of Armagh or Durrow, Lismore or Clonmacnoise. As the authoress of "Christian Schools and Scholars" tells us, to the labors of the student joined those of the scribe and artisan. While they were listening to lectures on the Greek and Latin fathers, hanging entranced over Homer and Virgil, or calculating eclipses, they were also busy writing and adorning psalters, working in gold and silver and founding bells. Not only their own monasteries, but those of every European country were enriched with their manuscripts, and the researches of modern bibliopolists and continually disinterring from German or Italian libraries a Horace, or an Ovid, or a Sacred Caden, whose Irish gloss betrays the hand which traced its delicate letters.

The scholars of Erin were remarkable for combining acuteness of reasoning power with the gifts of the musician and the poet. There were no more accurate mathematicians, no keener logicians than the sons of the Green Isle, whose love of syllogism is spoken of in the ninth century by St. Benedict, of Ancan. They are admitted to have been the precursors of the mediæval schoolmen, and to have been the first to apply the subtleties of Greek philosophy to Christian dogma. In the disputes on the subject of the Paschal computation, they astonished their adversaries with their arithmetical science and their linguistic erudition. St. Cummian, the Tall, bishop of Clonfert, in his Paschal letter, examines all the various cycles in use among the Hebrews, Greeks, Latins and Egyptians; quotes passages from the Greek and Latin fathers, and proves how well the libraries of Ireland were furnished and how competent her scholars were to use them. They were famous for their skill in sacred music and were esteemed both at home and abroad as first-rate choir masters. In whatever foreign monasteries they lived they were sure to introduce a passion for poetry and the music of the harp. So famous did the Irish schools become that foreign students flocked in great numbers from the West of Europe to study at the feet of masters where learning had passed into a proverb. St. Bede tells us that crowds of the Angle people passed over to the sister island where they were most hospitably received, that food and lodging and books and instruction were supplied to them gratis. St. Aldhelm, bishop of Sherborne, himself a pupil of the Irish St. Maidulf, writing to Endfrid, one of his pupils, after his return from six years' study in the schools of Erin, says: "Nowadays the renown of the Irish is so great that one sees them daily going or returning, and crowds flock over to their island to gather up not merely the liberal arts and physical sciences, but also the four senses of the Holy Scripture."

Take up the lives of many of the Anglo-Saxon saints, men such as Egbert and Willibrord and Ewald, and you will find that they received a large measure of their education in the Irish schools. The same is equally true of many of the saints of Gaul. And as the centuries roll by in spite of the Danish invasions which burnt to the ground so many of the famous seats of learning, we find the same thirst for knowledge subsisting in the hearts of the people. When Alcuin ceased to lead the Palatine School he was succeeded by two Irishmen, Clement and Dungal, the latter of whom is reputed to be the founder of the University of Pavia. We find another Irishman, Scotus Erigena, the head of the Palatine School in the reign of Charles the Bald. He was at once theologian, philosopher and poet; he could write Greek verses and expound the scriptures in the Hebrew and the Septuagent, he was familiar with Aristotle and Plato as well as with St. Basil and St. Augustine and was not only rector of the Royal School of Paris, but is also said to have been professor of dialectics and mathematics. He was known as the "Master" and was spoken of as a "miracle of knowledge." Though he erred seriously and was censured justly, he did not err in the spirit of the heresiarch. In the same century the bishops of Metz and Verdun sent for Irish monks in the hope of seeing literature and science spring up by the efforts of these strangers in their dioceses.

In the tenth century St. Dunstan founded the first regular monastic school which had been seen in England since the Danish invasions, and he had been trained from his infancy to learning by some Irish monks who had settled in the deserted Abbey of Glastonbury. In the eleventh century the schools of Ireland were then as famous as ever as we learn from Sulgenus, bishop of St. David's, who spent ten years of study in them. Great as had been the fame of Armagh in the days when 7,000 scholars flocked to hear its masters and professors, expound the Holy Scriptures, never had it been greater than when St. Gelasius, the successor of St. Malachy, occupied the primatial chair.

In 1162 the Synod of Clare enacted that no person should be allowed to teach divinity in any school in Ireland who had not, as we should now say, graduated in the school of Armagh. Wondrous indeed is the history of that famous school, marvellous the thirst of Irish people for knowledge. Although Armagh had been burned down no less than sixteen times between the years 670 and 1179 and plundered nine times, yet time after time did the city and school of St. Patrick rise Phœnix-like from its ashes, until alas! the Anglo-Norman followers of DeCourcy and De Burgo and DeLacy swooped down on the time-honored city, plundered its shrines, and slaughtered or drove away its students and its priests and its professors. [All the ruffians referred to were English "Catholics."—ED. CITIZEN.]

Had we time we might dwell at length on the marvellous and priceless treasures found in the rich mine of ancient Irish art. As you gaze upon the Book of Kells, or the Book of Armagh, or the principal illuminated manuscripts in the libraries of Stockholm or St. Petersburg, Copenhagen or Brussels, London or Paris, Utrecht or Louvain, Basle or Fulda, Wurzbourg or Milan, Berne or Babbio, Cambray or Turin, or as you gaze upon the chalice stolen from Clonmacnoise, the processional cross of Cong, the Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, the beautiful Celtic book shrines, or the far-famed Tara Brooch, of which the *Times* said "that it is more like the work of fairies than human beings," mute though they be, these heirlooms of the past tell us that there was a time in the checkered history of the Isle of Erin when she was the home of the arts and sciences. Giraldus Cambrensis, no friendly critic of the Irish race, declared that though he had traveled much in different countries of Europe, nowhere had he seen books so abundant or so beautifully decorated as in Ireland. Intense was his admiration at the sight of the Book of Kildare, long since lost. "Neither could Apelles do the like. Indeed, mortal hand seemed incapable of forming or painting them." But although the Book of Kildare has been lost we still possess that masterpiece of illuminated art, the Book of Kells. Thus speaks Mr. Wyatt in his work, "The Art of Illuminating," of this peculiar Irish school of illuminating and the Book of Kells, "It is to Ireland that the rich style of manuscript ornamentation is due. Irish art was original and of marvellous perfection. In delicacy of handling and minute but faultless execution the whole range of paleography offers nothing comparable to these early Irish manuscripts and those produced in the same style in England. When in England some years ago I had the opportunity there of studying carefully the most marvellous of all, the Book of Kells; some of the ornaments I attempted to copy, but broke down in despair. No wonder that tradition should allege that these unerring lines had been traced by angels. We freely confess that in the practice of illumination at least they (the Irish) appear in advance both in mechanical execution and originality of design of all Europe, and of the Anglo-Saxons in particular."

Father Donnelly concluded with a moving appeal on behalf of the poor schools of the district, and afterwards gave benediction and blessed sacrament.

## WHERE IT GREW.

### The Rev. Father Lambert, Dealing With the Origin of the Knownothing Movement, Makes Forcible Reply to a Southern Correspondent.

#### As Between the South and North, the Rev. Editor Thinks the Two Sections of the Country Are Entitled to a Stand-Off.

[*Philadelphia Catholic Times, Dec. 2.*]

*To the Editor of the Catholic Times:*

In your article last week on "Politics and Bigotry," there is a statement which, in justice to the South, should be corrected. You say: "The Knownothing party had its origin in the most Democratic part of the country—the South." Allow me, as an American by birth and a voter of over thirty-four years, and also a southerner by birth, to most respectfully differ from that statement and to assert that the Knownothing party started in the North and had its birth in the city of Philadelphia, or at least its missionaries who introduced it in the South hailed from the Quaker City. The South has enough to answer for, God knows, but as far as religious toleration and encouragement to the foreigner were concerned in the early 50's (the time spoken of) it stands in sharp contrast to the North. If you will go back a little in dates (the Knownothings were unknown previous to 1853) you will read that an Ursuline convent was burned in Massachusetts and two Catholic churches in Philadelphia, and a Native American, Lewis C. Levin, was elected to congress from Philadelphia previousto that time. It was after the terrible defeat of the Whig party in 1852 that the Knownothings sprung up and carried nearly every Northern state, and in Massachusetts, under the lead of a man named Hess, aided by John A. Andrew, afterwards governor of that State, a "smelling committee" was appointed by the legislature of that and thoroughly upset every religious house (convents and sisters' houses and parochial residences) in the State, with power even to search the bed-rooms.

In Maine, near the residence of the late Hon. James G. Blaine, about the same time, the Rev. Father Bapst was tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail for the crime of saying mass. New Hampshire then and now has a law on its statute books which prevents a Catholic from holding any office within the gift of the State, and only within two years has Rhode Island wiped out an infamous law which denied a naturalized citizen the right to vote or to hold an office unless he possessed a certain amount of money or property, the law not applying to a native born. Did you ever know of such laws being enacted by a Southern State? True, there were some election riots in Louisville, New Orleans and Baltimore, which grew out of the intolerant feeling which at that time ran through the country. Now, Mr. Editor, in justice to the South and the Democratic politicians of that time, it is an absolute historical fact that in the North the opponents of the Knownothings were on the defensive, while in the South the Democratic leaders took the aggressive side and attacked the "dark lantern" people without mercy, and by common consent the question of the life of the Knownothings was left for the State of Virginia to settle at the State election in 1855, when Henry A. Wise was elected as the direct, open and avowed enemy of the intolerant, bigoted Knownothings, and that in a State which, according to the census of 1850, contained fewer foreigners and fewer Catholics than any State in the Union. By that election the Native Americans, as a party, ceased to be a factor in American politics. I have written this communication simply with the idea of giving credit to whom may be due the credit of starting the Knownothing party, and, by the aid of its machinery, enacting laws for the suppression of the Catholics and disfranchising the foreigners. To the South belongs the credit of placing to the front men who were brave enough to stand up and fight a winning battle for the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience, and that no change should be made in the naturalization laws.

VIRGINIAN.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 21, 1893.

All that Virginian says about anti-Catholic riots previous to the rise of the Knownothing party is true, but proves nothing against our statement. There were more anti-Catholic riots in the North than in the South, but that is not the question between us.

Blaine, in his "Twenty Years in Congress," gives the following account of the origin of the Knownothing party. After describing the causes of the death of the Whig party by the repeal of the Missouri compromise, the defeat of Scott and the election of Pierce, he says:

"In the South those Whigs who, though still unwilling to profess an anti-slavery creed, would not unite with the Democrats were re-organized under the name of the American party, with Humphry Marshall, Henry Winter Davis, Horace Maynard and men of that class for leaders. This party was founded on proscription of foreigners, and with special hostility to the Roman Catholic church. It had a fitful and feverish success, and in 1854-5, under the name of Knownothings, enrolled tens of thousands in secret lodges. But its creed was narrow, its principles were illiberal and its methods of procedure boyish and undignified. The great body of thinking men in the North saw that the real contest impending was against slavery and not against naturalization laws and ecclesiastical dogmas."

Humphry Marshall was from Kentucky; Henry Winter Davis from Maryland, and Horace Maynard from Tennessee.

In 1856 the Knownothing party nominated Fillmore and Donaldson as candidates for President and Vice-President; the Democrats, Buchanan and Breckinridge; the Republicans, Fremont and Dayton. The Knownothing candidates carried but one State—Maryland. The party was dead.

After speaking of laws against Catholics and foreigners in Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island and New Hampshire—most of which laws came down from colonial days, Virginian asks: "Did you ever know of such laws being passed by a Southern State?"

Yes, Catholics were denied their religious liberty in Maryland and North and South Carolina. The thirty-second section of the North Carolina constitution of 1776 read as follows: "No person who shall deny the being of God or *the truth of the Protestant religion* * * * shall be capable of holding any office or place of trust or profit in the civil department within the State."

That sounds much like the New Hampshire and Rhode Island laws. In fact Catholics at one time or another were legislated against in all the colonies.

It is true that Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, took a noble stand against the Knownothings; it is equally true that William H. Seward did the same thing in the North. But was not the Southern wing of the Whig party, led by Clay, in favor of requiring foreigners to pass a probation of twety-one years before they could be naturalized?

In reference to treatment of Catholics, honors are about even between the North and South. For the riots in Philadelphia and Boston and in New Jersey, in the North, one may point to the riots in Louisville, New Orleans and Baltimore, as mentioned by Virginian.

Aside from the religious question there were political reasons why the South should be opposed to foreigners—most of whom at that time were Catholics. The immigrants mostly sought homes in the North. Laborers most of them, they did not go where they would have to compete with slave labor. As they became citizens they increased the Northern representation in congress. As they increased new States were being carved out of the Northwestern Territories, which increased the Northern representation in the senate. The Southerner saw that this increase of free States and free citizens threatened Southern dominancy in the government. His political foresight was correct. These immigrants were destined to give the South a secondary position in the family of States. They and their children were destined to sweep in massive phalanx over the South and obliterate its black curse—slavery. Had the Southern people been left to their own natural increase the slavery question would have been deferred a hundred years, or, perhaps, indefinitely. It was the immigrants and their descendants who conquered the South. The Southern aristocracy, built on slavery, saw instinctively the danger to their class and favorite institution in the waves of immigration beating incessantly on our shores. If they looked with suspicion and ill will on the immigrant, they had reason to. He has annihilated the old South.


**A Reliable Timepiece.**

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**IMPORTANT INFORMATION**

**Regarding the Mailing of Christmas and New Years Presents.**

CHICAGO POSTOFFICE, Dec. 14.—*Editor of The Citizen, Dear Sir:* As the Holiday season is upon us, the usual demand will be made on the mails for the transmission of Christmas and New Year's cards, and tokens of esteem between friends. The lack of familiarity on the part of the public with the postal rules and regulations leads to peculiar mistakes and complications, and as the newspapers are the best public educators, may I not ask that you kindly devote as much space as you consistently can to set them right?

I have the honor to enclose you with this a table giving rates of postage and a few general suggestions, which, if adhered to, will greatly diminish the unmailable matter which collects at this season. A like request which was made last year met with a most favorable response from your valuable journal, and I can assure you was attended with the most satisfactory results.

Believing that our leading newspapers can do much for a class who do not patronize the mail at any other season, I most respectfully request that you give this your favorable consideration.

JAMES A. SEXTON, Postmaster.

RATES OF POSTAGE TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

(Except Canada and Mexico, which are the same as domestic.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Letters, per half ounce | 5 cents |
| Postal cards, each | 2 " |
| Newspapers and other printed matter, per two ounces | 1 " |
| Commercial papers, packets not in excess of 10 ounces | 5 " |
| Commercial papers, for each additional two ounces | 1 " |
| Samples of merchandise, not in excess of the limit 8½ ounces, per two ounces | 1 " |
| Registration fee on letters and packages | 8 " |

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

Packages should be presented at the retail stamp windows in the postoffice or sub-stations for weighing and inspection before mailing.

Every article of value should be registered.

Every package should be wrapped in heavy wrapping paper, tied with strong twine, and the name and address of the sender, as well as of the addressee, should be written thereon in ink.

Packages should not be mailed with tags or labels, as they frequently become torn and separated from the packages.

Christmas and New Year's, or other cards, and photographs with frames, or articles bearing Christmas or New Year's greeting, so elaborate in their design as to have an intrinsic value outside of the sentiment attached to them, such as satin pin-cushions, celluloid calendars, plaques, etc., cannot be mailed to countries other than Canada and Mexico at less than letter rates of postage, and only when they conform to the rules prescribed.

Pairs of articles, two or more articles of exact counterpart, handkerchiefs needlework, articles of wearing apparel perfectly whole and complete in themselves, cannot be considered in any sense as samples, and cannot be mailed to foreign countries, other than Canada and Mexico, at less than letter rates of postage, and only to those countries when they conform to the rules prescribed.

The limit of weight on printed matter and commercial papers to foreign countries is 4 pounds 6 ounces, and packages must not exceed 18 inches in any one dimension.

Articles otherwise mailable, containing any writing and not paid at letter rates of postage, cannot be mailed to foreign countries other than Canada and Mexico.

Articles of jewelry and coin cannot be mailed to foreign countries.

Sealed packages (not letters) addressed to Canada and Mexico are not mailable.

No presents, such as scarfs, handkerchiefs, or any kind of merchandise or letters, should be concealed in newspapers.

Photographs, pictures or printed cards should not be closed and sealed and marked "photograph only," or "printed matter," or "book-post," but must be tied with string or left so as to be easy to inspect. The public often obtain rate of postage on these articles without stating that they are sealed or about to be sealed.

Never place packages on the tops of street letter boxes, as they may never reach the postoffice.


**You're No Idea**

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," for only those who feel so can realize how it seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight.

**Death of Lieut.-Col. Murphy.**

The Dublin *Independent* of Dec. 2 announces the death of a gallant Irishman, Lieut-Col. Patrick John Murray, of the Seventh Imperial and Royal Bohemian Dragoons. Lieut-Col. Murray graduated in the Dublin University in 1849, and subsequently joined as cadet the dragoon regiment of Charles Leopold, Duke of Lorraine. He served with distinction in the war betweeu Austria and Prussia in 1866, and was severely wounded at Koniggratz. In addition to the Cross of Military Merit, he received a War Decoration and a Gold Medal for bravery. He died in Vienna on Friday, Nov. 17, in his 66th year, and on the following Monday, at mid-day, his remains were removed to a *chapelle ardeute* in the garrison infirmary, Sensongasse, where a solemn service was held for the repose of his soul, and whence his remains were borne to the Central Cemetery for interment with full military honors. Colonel Murray leaves a widow—a lady who some years ago was well known and greatly admired in Dublin circles—and two sons, Leopold, a first lieutenant in the Sattyburg Dragoons, and Wiltun, a student in the Imperial and Royal Naval College, Fiume.

**Fine Diamonds.**

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**A Night On the Way.**

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

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# TUBBER DERG.

## The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

The following story owes nothing to any coloring or invention of mine; it is unhappily a true one, and to me possesses a peculiar and melancholy interest, arising from my intimate knowledge of the man whose fate it holds up as a moral lesson to Irish landlords. I knew him well, and many a day and hour have I played about his knee, and ran, in my boyhood, round his path, when, as he said to himself, the world was no trouble to him.

On the south side of a sloping tract of light ground, lively, warm, and productive, stood a white, moderate-sized farmhouse, which, in consequence of its conspicuous situation, was a prominent and, we may add, a graceful object in the landscape of which it formed a part. The spot whereon it stood was a swelling natural terrace, the soil of which was heavier and richer than that of the adjoining lands. On each side of the house stood a clump of old beeches, the only survivors of that species then remaining in the country. These beeches extended behind the house in a kind of angle, with opening enough at their termination to form a vista, through which its white walls glistened with beautiful effect in the calm splendor of summer evenings. Above the mound on which it stood, rose two steep hills, overgrown with furze and fern, except on their tops, which were clothed with purple heath; they were also covered with patches of broom, and studded with gray rocks which sometimes rose singly or in larger masses, pointed or rounded into curious and fantastic shapes. Exactly between these hills the sun went down during the month of June, and nothing could be in finer relief than the rocky and picturesque outlines of their sides, as crowned with thorns and clumps of wild ash, they appeared to overhang the valley, whose green foliage was gilded by the sunbeams, which lit up the scene into radiant beauty. The bottom of this natural chasm, which opened against the deep crimson of the evening sky, was nearly upon a level with the house, and completely so with the beeches that surrounded it. Brightly did the sinking sun fall upon their tops, whilst the neat white house below, in their quiet shadow, sent up its wreath of smoke among their branches, itself an emblem of contentment, industry, and innocence. It was, in fact, a lovely situation; perhaps the brighter to me, that its remembrance is associated with days of happiness, and freedom from the cares of a world, which, like a distant mountain, darkens as we approach it, and only exhausts us in struggling to climb its rugged and barren paths.

There was to the southwest of this house another little hazel glen, that ended in a precipice formed by a single rock some thirty feet high, over which tumbled a crystal cascade into a basin worn in its hard bed below. From this basin the stream murmured away through the copse-wood, until it joined a larger rivulet that passed, with many a winding, through a fine extent of meadows adjoining it. Across the foot of this glen, and past the door of the house we have described, ran a bridle-road, from time immemorial; on which, as the traveller ascended it towards the house, he appeared to track his way in blood, for a chalybeate spa arose at its head, oozing out of the earth, and spread itself in a crimson stream over the path in every spot whereon a footmark could be made. From this circumstance it was called Tubber Derg, on the Red Well. In the meadow where the glen terminated, was another spring of delicious crystal; and clearly do I remember the ever beaten pathway that led to it through the grass, and up the green field which rose in a gentle slope to the happy looking house of Owen M'Carthy, for so was the man called who resided under its peaceful roof.

I will not crave your pardon, gentle reader, for dwelling at such a length upon a scene so dear to my heart as this, because I write not now so much for your gratification as my own. Many an eve of gentle May have I pulled the Maygowans which grew about that well, and over that smooth meadow. Often have I raised my voice to its shrillest pitch, that I might hear its echoes rebounding in the bottom of the green and still glen, where silence, so to speak, was deepened by the continuous murmur of the cascade above; and when the cuckoo uttered her first note from among the hawthorns on its side, with what trembling anxiety did I, an urchin of some eight or nine years, look under my right foot for the white hair, whose charm was such, that by keeping it about me the first female name I should hear was destined, I believed in my soul, to be that of my future wife. Sweet was the song of the thrush, and mellow the whistle of the blackbird, as they rose in the stillness of evening over the "hirken shaws" and green dells of this secluded spot of rural beauty. Far, too, could the rich voice of Owen McCarthy be heard along the hills and meadows, as, with a little chubby urchin at his knee, and another in his arms, he sat on a bench beside his own door, singing the "Troughа," in his native Irish, whilst Kathleen his wife, with her two maids, each crooning a low song, sat before the door, milking the cows, whose sweet breath mingled its perfume with the warm breeze of evening.

Owen McCarthy was descended from a long line of honest ancestors, whose names had never, within the memory of man, been tarnished by the commission of a mean or disreputable action. They were always a kind-hearted family, but stern and proud in the common intercourse of life. They believed themselves to be, and probably were, a branch of the MacCarthy More stock; and, although only the possessors of a small farm, it was singular to observe the effect which this conviction produced upon their bearing and manners. To it might, perhaps, be attributed the high and stoical integrity for which they were remarkable. This severity, however, was no proof that they wanted feeling, or were insensible to the misery and sorrows of others; in all the little cares and perplexities that checkered the peaceful neighborhood in which they lived, they were ever the first to console, or, if necessary, to support a distressed neighbor with the means which God had placed in their possession; for, being industrious, they were seldom poor. Their words were few, but sincere, and generally promised less than the honest hearts that dictated them intended to perform. There is in some persons a hereditary feeling of just principle, the result neither of education nor of a clear moral sense, but rather a kind of instinctive honesty which descends, like a constitutional bias, from father to son, pervading every member of the family. It is difficult to define this, or to assign its due position in the scale of human virtues. It exists in the midst of the grossest ignorance, and influences the character in the absence of better principles. Such was the impress which marked so strongly the family of which I speak. No one would ever think of imputing a dishonest act to the McCarthys; nor would any person acquainted with them, hesitate for a moment to consider their word as good as the bond of another. I do not mean to say, however, that their motives of action were not higher than this instinctive honesty; far from it; but I say, that they possessed it in addition to a strong feeling of family pride, and a correct knowledge of their moral duties.

I can only take up Owen McCarthy at that part of the past to which my memory extends. He was then a tall, fine looking young man; silent, but kind. One of the earliest events within my recollection is his wedding; after that the glimpse of his state and circumstances are imperfect; but as I grew up, they became more connected, and I am able to remember him the father of four children; an industrious, inoffensive, small farmer, beloved, respected, and honored. No man could rise, be it ever so early, who would not find Owen up before him; no man could anticipate him in an early crop, and if a widow or a sick acquaintance were unable to get in their harvest, Owen was certain to collect the neighbors to assist them; to be there himself, with quiet benevolence, encouraging them to a zealous performance of the friendly task in which they were engaged.

It was, I believe, soon after his marriage, that the lease of the farm held by him expired. Until that time he had been able to live with perfect independence; but even the enormous rise of one pound per acre, though it deprived him in a great degree of his usual comforts, did not sink him below the bare necessaries of life. For some years after that, he could still serve a deserving neighbor; and never was the hand of Owen McCarthy held back from the wants and distresses of those whom he knew to be honest.

I remember once an occasion upon which a Widow Murray applied to him for a loan of five pounds, to prevent her two cows from being auctioned for half a year's rent, of which she only wanted that sum. Owen sat at dinner with his family when she entered the house in tears, and, as well as her agitation of mind permitted, gave him a detailed account of her embarrassment.

"The blessin' o' God be upon all here," said she, on entering.

"The double a that to you, Rosha," replied Owen's wife; "won't you sit in an' be atin'?—here's a sate beside Nanny; come over, Rosha."

Owen only nodded to her, and continued to eat his dinner, as if he felt no interest in her distress. Rosha sat down at a distance, and with the corner of a red handkerchief to her eyes, shed tears in that bitterness of feeling which marks the helplessness of honest industry under the pressure of calamity.

"In the name o' goodness, Rosha," said Mrs. McCarthy, "what ails you, asthore? Sure Jimmy—God spare him to you—wouldn't be dead?"

"Glory be to God! no avourneen machree. Och, och! but it 'ud be the black sight, an' the black day, that 'ud see my brave boy, the staff of our support, an' the bread of our mouth, taken away from us! No, no, Kathleen dear, it's not that bad wid me yet. I hope w'll never live to see his manly head laid down before us. 'Twas his own manliness, indeed, brought it an him—backin' the sack when he was bringin' home our last *meldhre* from the mill; for you see he should do it, the crathur, to show his strinth, an' the sack, when he got it an was too heavy for him, an' hurted the small of his back; for his bones, you see, are too young, an' hadn't time to fill up yet. No, avourneen. Glory be to God! he's gettin' betther wid me!" and the poor creature's eyes glistened with delight through her tears and the darkness of her affliction.

Without saying a word, Owen, when she finished the eulogium on her son, rose, and taking her forcibly by the shoulder, set her down at the table, on which a large potful of potatoes had been spread out, with a circle in the middle for a dish of rashers and eggs, into which dish every right hand of those about it was thrust, with a quickness that clearly illustrated the principle of competition as a stimulus to action.

"Spare your breath," said Owen, placing her rather roughly upon the seat, "an' take share of what's goin'; when all's cleared off we'll hear you, but the sorra word till then."

"Musha, Owen," said the poor woman, "you're the same man still; sure we all know your ways; I'll strive, avourneen, to ate—I'll strive, asthore—to plase you, an' the Lord bless you an' yours, an' may you never be as I an' my fatherless childhre are this sorrowful day!" and she accompanied her words by a flood of tears.

Owen, without evincing the slightest sympathy, withdrew himself from the table. Not a muscle of his face was moved; but as the cat came about his feet at the time, he put his foot under her, and flung her as easily as possible to the lower end of the kitchen.

"Arrah, what harm did the crathur do," asked his wife, "that you'd kick her for, that way? an' why but you *cat out* your dinner?"

"I'm done," he replied, "but that's no rason that Rosha, an' you, an' thim boys that has the work afore them, shouldn't finish your male's mate."

Poor Rosha thought that by his withdrawing he had already suspected the object of her visit, and of course concluded that her chance of succeeding was very slender.

The wife, who guessed what she wanted, as well as the nature of her suspicion, being herself as affectionate and obliging as Owen, reverted to the subject, in order to give her an opportunity of proceeding.

"Somethin' bitther an' sour' in common coorse, is a throuble to you, Rosha," said she, "or you wouldn't be in the state you're in. The Lord look down on you this day, you poor crathur—widout the father of your childhre to stand up for you, an' your only other depindance laid on the broad of his back, all as one as a cripple; but no matther, Rosha; trust to Him that can be a husband to you, an' a father to your orphans—trust to Him, an' his blessed mother in heaven, this day, an' never, fear but they'll *rise* up a frind for you. Musha, Owen ate your dinner as you ought to do, wid your capers! How can you take a spade in your hand upon that morsel?"

"Finish your own," said her husband, "an' never heed me; jist let me alone. Don't you see that if I wanted it, I'd ate it, an' what more would you have about?"

"Well, acushla, it's your own loss, sure, of a sartinty. An', Rosha, whisper, ahagur, what can Owen or I do for you? Troth, it would be a bad day we'd see you at a *deshort* for a friend, for you never wor nothin' else nor a civil, oblagin' neighbor yourself; an' him that's gone before—the Lord make his bed in heaven this day—was as good a warrant as ever broke bread, to sarve a friend, if it was at the hour of midnight."

"Ah! when I had *him*," exclaimed the distracted widow, "I never had occasion to trouble aither friend or neighbor; but he's gone, an' now its otherwise wid me—glory be to God for all his mercies—a wurrah dheelish! Why, thin, since I must spake, an' has no other frind to go to—but somehow I doubt Owen looks dark upon me—sure I'd put my hand to a stamp, if my word wouldn't do for it, an' sign the blessed crass that saved us, for the payment of it; or I'd give it to him in oats, for I hear you want some, Owen—Phatie oats it is, an' a betther shouldhered or fuller-lookin' grain never went undher a harrow—indeed, it's it that's the beauty all out, if it's good seed you want."

"What is it for, woman alive?" inquired Owen, as he kicked a three-legged stool out of his way.

"What is it for, is it? Och, Owen darlin', sure my two brave cows is lavin' me. Owen McMurt, the driver is over wid me beyant, an' has them ready to set off wid. I reared them both, the two of them, wid my own hands; Cheehoney, that knows my voice, an' would come to me from the fardest corner o' the field, is goin', an' nothin' will we have—nothin' will my poor sick boy have—but the black wather, or the dhry salt; besides the butther of them bein' lost to us for the rent, or a small taste of it, of an odd time, for poor Jimmy. Owen, next to God, I have no friend to depind upon but yourself!"

"Me!" said Owen, as if astonished. "Phoo, that's quare enough! Now do you think, Rosha—hut, tut, woman alive! Come, boys, you're all done; out wid you to your spades, and finish that *mcerin* before night. Me!—hut, tut!"

"I have it all but five pounds, Owen, an' for the sake of him that's in his grave—an' that, maybe, is able to put up his prayer for you"——

"An' what would you want *me* to do, Rosha? Fitther for you to sit down an' finish your dinner, when it's before you. I'm goin' to get an ould glove that's somewhere about this chist, for I must weed out that bit of oats before night, wid a blessin'," and, as he spoke he passed into another room, as if he had altogether forgotten her solicitation, and in a few minutes returned.

"Owen, avic!—an' the blessin' of the fatherless be upon you, sure, an' many a one o' them you have, anyhow, Owen!"

"Well, Rosha—well?"

"Och, och, Owen, it's low days wid me to be depindin' upon the sthranger? Little thim that reared me ever thought it 'ud come to this. You know I'm a dacent father's child, an' I have stooped to you, Owen McCarthy—what I'd scorn to do to any other but yourself—poor an' friendless as I stand here before you. Let them take the cows, thin, from my childhre; but the father of the fatherless will support thim and me. Och, but it's well for the O'Donohoes that their landlord lives at home among themselves, for may the heavens look down on me, I wouldn't know where to find mine, if one sight of him 'ud save me an' my childhere from the grave! The agent even, he lives in Dublin, an' how could I lave my sick boy an' small *girsha* by themselves, to go a hundred miles, an' maybe not see him afther all. Little hopes I'd have from him, even if I did; he's paid for gatherin' in his rents; but its well known he wants the touch of nathur for the sufferings of the poor, an' of them that's honest in their intintions."

"I'll go over wid you, Rosha, if that will be of any use," replied Owen, composedly; "come, I'll go an' spake to Frank McMurt."

"The sorra blame I blame him, Owen," replied Rosha, "his bread's depindin' upon the like of sich doins, an' he can't get over it; but a word from you, Owen, will save me, for who ever refused to take the word of a McCarthy?"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

## GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

**Cuirt an Chronnain.**

[AIRLEANAMHAIN.]

Ann sin thug sé dá sporán dóibh agus dubhairt, "Imthighidh air bhur n-deágh-obair anois." D'imthigh na bráithre abhaile, chruinneadar na daoine bochta, agus roinneadar an t-airgiod orra. Do cheistigh na daoine iad, creud do chonnaire siad annsan g-cúirt. "Is rún gach uidh d'á bh-facamar," ar sna bráithre, "agus is é ar g-cómhairle dhaoibh-se gan dul anaice leis an g-cúirt, agus ni thiucfaidh aon anamhain orraibh."

Bhi na sagairt santach nuair chualadar go bh-fuair na bráithre go leor airgid 'sa' g-cúirt, agus chualdh an tríúr aca le súil go bh-fuigheadh siad-san mar fuair na bráithre.

Nuair chuadar asteach, thoisigheadar ag blaodhach (glaodhach) "bh-full aon duine ann so?" Táinig Cronnán amach as sheómra, agus d'fhiafruigh. "creud tá sibh ag iarraidh?" "Tancamar le carthanas do dheunamh leatsa," ar sna sagairt. "Shaoil me nach raibh sagairt tugtha d'innsint breug," ar Cronnán, Tháinig sibh le súil go bh-fuigheadh sibh-se airgiod mar fuair na bráithre bochta. Bhi faitchios orraibh theacht, nuair chuir na daoine fios orraibh, agus anois ni bh-fuigidh sibh ciandg mar ni fád sibh é."

"Nach bh-full fhios agad go bh-full cómhacht againn le do dhíbirt as an áit seo?" ar sna sagairt, agus deunfamaoid dáil de'n chómhacht sin muna m-béidh tu nios sibhialta 'ná tá tú." "Ni'l beann agam-sa air bhur g-cómhachta," ar Cronnán, "tá nios mó de chómhachta agam-sa ná iá ag an mead sagart atá i n-Eirinn."

"Is breug atáir a' ráth," ar sna sagairt. "Feicfidh sibh roinn bheag de m' chumhachta anocht," ar Cronnán, "ni fhágfaidh mé cleith os bhur g-cionn, nach bh-fuaddóchaidh me asteach 'san abhainn fád agus d' faoudfainn sibh mharbhadh le h-ambaro mo sháile de dí-torócháins é. Gheobhaidh sibh cleitheacha bhur d-tighthe-adh 'san abhainn air maidin amárach. Anois ná cuir aon cheist eile orm, agus na bagair orm nios mó, no beidh sé nios measa dhaoibh."

Tháinig faitchios air na sagairtaibh agus d'imthigheadar abhaile, acht nior chreideadar go m-beidheadh a g-cuid tighteadh gan cleith roimh mhaidin.

An oidhche sin, timchioll an mheódhain-oidhche, tháinig sineán gaoithe faoi chleith-eachaibh thighteadh na sagart, agus d'fhuad-aigh iad asteach 'san abhainn os cómhair na edirte. Ni raibh cnámh annsna sagartaibh nach raibh ag crathadh le faitchios, agus b'éigin dóibh fosgadh fhághail i d-tighthibh na g-cómharsan go maidin.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]


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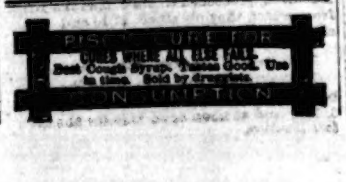


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**14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.**

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded to him if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

**"THE LIMITED."**
**LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.**

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

**SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.**
**LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.**
**OFFER No. 28.**

No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

**HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.**
**LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.**
**OFFER No. 24.**

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

**SOLID SILVER WATCH.**
**HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.**
**LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.**
**OFFER No. 21.**

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

# FIEND THROWS A BOMB

## EXCITEMENT IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

**The Bomb Filled with Shot and Slugs Which Were Thrown All Directions—A Number of People Wounded—The Fiend Under Arrest.**

PARIS, Dec. 9.—A bomb was exploded in the chamber of deputies. It appears that the chamber was in session and the proceedings being very uninteresting, the galleries not being crowded with people. Suddenly, from the right gallery some sort of a bomb was thrown or fell in the midst of the assembled deputies, causing a loud explosion and a scene of the greatest confusion. The floor and halls of the chamber of deputies were filled with excited and frightened people, and it seemed impossible to learn the extent of the damage done, as the police drew a cordon around the spot and until they see fit no details of the explosion will be allowed to reach the public.

The police have made several arrests from among the people in the galleries of the chamber of deputies at the time of the explosion. One of the persons arrested is said to have been the one who threw the bomb. He is an anarchists named Vaillant and glories in his crime. He wanted to kill the president of the deputies, he said.

**Order Finally Restored.**

When quiet was somewhat restored it was discovered that nobody was killed outright and M. Dupuy rang the bell of the president of the chamber calling the deputies to resume their seats. About one-third of the number of deputies present at the time of the explosion obeyed the summons of the president of the chamber, and when they were seated M. Dupuy arose and said as calmly as if nothing had happened: "Such attempts should not disconcert the chamber. I invite you to continue your discussions with calmness; when the order of the day has been dealt with, the proper officials will do their duty." [Loud and prolonged cheers.]

**Caring for the Wounded.**

During this time the wounded persons had been assisted to the refreshment rooms, where they were attended to by a number of physicians who were hastily summoned to the spot by the police immediately after the bomb exploded. The rooms where the wounded persons were treated presented a sanguinary appearance. The wound from which Deputy Le Myre is suffering is very dangerous. He has a severe wound in the neck, but it is expected that he will recover. At least a score of spectators from the tribunes and galleries traversed the Salles des Pas Perdus in order to get medical assistance. All had bloody shirts and cravats and wounds could be seen about their faces. Among the persons seen to be so wounded were a number of women who were weeping with pain and shrieking with fright.

**Dr. Parkhurst Threatened.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—Dr. Parkhurst's crusade in the Tenderloin district is bearing more than one kind of fruit. While it has stirred the police of the precinct up to heroic outbursts of virtue, it has also placed the aggressive leader of the Society for the Prevention of Vice in great danger of assassination, if the threats he has received in the past two days are any indication. Nineteen persons have written the doctor in that period, warning him to desist in his work of extermination on pain of never seeing another Christmas day. Some of them were from the women themselves, driven out into the streets by the operations of the society.

**Set Fire to a Church.**

STANFORD, Conn., Dec. 12.—While the services were in progress in the M. E. church here fire was discovered in the basement and the pastor was interrupted while delivering his sermon and dismissed the congregation. Before the church was cleared clouds of smoke began rolling out of the staircase leading to the basement. Confusion followed and several ladies fainted. After the fire had been extinguished a second blaze was discovered in another part of the church. A strange man was seen in the room where the second fire occurred and it is thought he was responsible for both fires.

**The Horse and the Bicycle.**

NEW YORK, 12.—The bicycle-horse race in Madison Square garden ended in a fiasco. The race was to have been for a distance of twenty-five miles between Charles Ashinger, the ex-champion long distance bicyclist, and John Alexander of Florida. The bicycle gained steadily up to the end of the race, which came to an end in the fourth mile, the horseman having been thrown by a stirrup breaking, and receiving hurts that laid him up for the match.

**Mrs. Smith Did Very Well.**

SELMA, Ala., Dec. 12.—At Richmond, twenty miles from Selma, Mrs. W. Smith killed a negro who had entered her bedroom. She screamed and he caught her by the throat, pulling a knife. Mrs. Smith secured her husband's revolver from under her pillow and fired its contents into the negro's body, killing him. It is said the negro had three accomplices who have been arrested. Unless they prove their innocence they will doubtless be lynched.

**Ex-Congressman Murphy Dead.**

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—Ex-Congressman Jeremiah H. Murphy of Iowa died suddenly in this city, aged 58 years. Mr. Murphy was one of the best known and most popular men in the United States. He devoted years to the Hennepin canal project. He has been in failing health for some time and his death was not unexpected.

**Ex-Weigher Cochran Sentenced.**

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11.—Henry S. Cochran, the ex-chief weigher of the Philadelphia mint who was recently convicted of stealing $135,000 worth of gold bullion from the institution, has been sentenced to seven years and six months' imprisonment in the eastern penitentiary.

**Storm Raging in Ireland.**

DUBLIN, Dec. 11.—A heavy storm is raging in Ireland. Much damage has been done to property in Connemara and Clare, and a number of railway bridges have been destroyed. It is feared that there have been a number of shipping disasters along the coast.

**Disaster on the Deep.**

LONDON, Dec. 8.—The Norwegian bark Don Juan, Captain Vergaard, from New York Nov. 4 for Gothenburg, has been wrecked near Lombig, Denmark. All of her crew with the exception of three men were drowned.

# YOUNG MURDERERS STRUNG UP.

**Unusual Occurrence of a Legal Hanging—Mob Ready, However.**

DANVILLE, Ills. Dec. 9.—The two young murderers, Harvey Pate and Frank Stires, were executed at 12:55 p. m. without a hitch.

The crime for which Pate and Stires were executed was committed Aug. 25, 1893. Four young men, Harvey Pate, aged 21; Frank Stires, aged 19; Elias McJunken, aged 18, and Charles Smoot, aged 17, were great readers of flash literature, and Pate had served two years among the cowboys of Texas. The four conceived the idea of holding up Henry Helmick, a wealthy farmer. The boys walked twelve miles from the city and waylaid Helmick and his wife who were in a buggy. Helmick struck his horses when a demand for money was made, and Pate shot him dead. Young Harris confessed to complicity in the deed and upon arraignment all four pleaded guilty. Pate and Stires were sentenced to hang and McJunken and Harris to the penitentiary for life. The crime was committed on Friday. On the Sunday following Smoot confessed and on Monday the indignant neighbors of the murdered man made an unorganized attempt to take the prisoners from jail. They were dispersed but afterward organized 400 strong to take revenge should the sentence be less than hanging. They were satisfied with the result of the trial. The execution is the first in the history of this county.

# RAILWAY STATION ROBBED.

**Two Masked Men Go Through a Safe at Howard, Kan.**

HOWARD, Dec. 9.—A daring robbery was perpetrated. At 7 o'clock p. m., just after the passenger train pulled out, two men—one masked and the other not, and both armed with rifles—entered the depot and ordered the agent, John S. Kane, who was alone, to throw up his hands. The agent looked into the muzzles of the guns and promptly complied, at the same time asking the men if they wanted his pocketbook.

"No," replied the robber with a mask. "We don't want a cent you've got; open that safe."

The agent did as he was told, and one of the robbers went through the safe while the other stood guard. They secured probably $40 or $50, and getting on their horses, which were tied near the depot, rode away. A posse was at once organized and started in pursuit of the robbers, but at last accounts they had not been overhauled. The agent at Severy believes these are the same parties who held him up a short time ago, and it is supposed that they belong to the town of Fall River.

# NEWS FROM HAWAII.

**Proposed Restoration of the Queen Discussed by Ejected People.**

AUCKLAND, Dec. 9.—The steamer Monowai has arrived here. She left Honolulu on Nov. 24. All was quiet there. The news that President Cleveland intended to restore the queen caused great excitement. It was discussed by excited knots of people on the streets and was generally condemned. A rumor was published in the Honolulu papers that the queen was not willing to accept a restoration unless she was assured of the armed support of the United States. The Hawaiian Gazette of Nov. 24 says: In the meantime the monarchy is not restored and will not be unless by the armed forces of the United States, whose forces must continue to support the ex-queen. There may be small differences in the ranks of the party reform, but we are today more united and determined on the main issue than ever before. Let every reformer put aside all other minor things. As surely as there is an eternal justice overruling the affairs of men so surely will the gross outrage proposed to be done to Hawaii fail of its purpose.

# WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS.

**Directors Turn Them Over to the Park Commissioners and Pay $200,000.**

CHICAGO, Dec. 11.—Without a dissenting vote the board of World's fair directors agreed to pay the South Park board $200,000, turn over the grounds and buildings to the commissioners, and be released from all obligations for damages, etc. This practically winds up the big end of the business of the exposition, and is regarded as a remarkably quick settlement of the affairs of a corporation which has expended $31,000,000. The South Park commissioners will take official possession Jan. 1, but the board of directors will have to police and guard the buildings until all exhibits are removed. At the first of the new year, and after having been closed for nearly three years, the gates of Jackson park will be thrown open and the public admitted free.

**Another Victim of Burglars.**

CHICAGO, Dec. 11.—Peter Prunty, son of Thomas Prunty who was murdered in his home near Maxwell street police station by burglars a few weeks ago, died at the Cook county hospital. Young Prunty was wounded at the time the burglars attacked his father, but came running to his assistance and was himself shot. He was taken to the county hospital and a few days ago it was thought he would recover. His sister, who was also shot at the time of the burglary, is improving. Three men, McNally, Kurth, and Warren, were arrested for the murder and are now held in the county jail.

**Woman Horsethief Convicted.**

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 11.—Mrs. George Costello was found guilty of horse stealing in the criminal court here. She is the first woman convicted here of that crime, and so far as known the first in Ohio. She took a horse and buggy that was hitched on the streets in this city, on Sept. 16 and drove across the country to Grove City, where she was arrested with the property in her possession. Her husband, who was with her, said he stole the rig, but it did not save her. The couple live at Wilmington, O. Sentence was deferred.

**No Truth in the Report.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 11.—According to the statement of Adjutant General Robbins there is no foundation for the reports that the militia had been ordered to be in readiness to move on to Roby. The captains of several companies have merely been ordered to report the condition of their respective commands as is the custom every few months regardless of the prospectie vemergencies.

Claude Raymond, while pumping oil near Center Point, W. Va., fell into a tank filled with oil and was drowned.

Ephraim Kelly, charged with forging the name of Louis Glass to notes of $8,000 at Salem, O., has been arrested.

# ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

## ITEMS OF IMPORTANCE TO OUR OWN READERS.

**Reports of Accidents, Crimes and Other Matters of Interest Received by Telegraph and Given in a Column Where They Can Be Readily Perused.**

MATTOON, Dec. 11.—In the village of Humboldt Curt Poorman, a young merchant 25 years of age, was shot and killed by Constable D. W. Donley. W. A. Poorman, an extensive sheep raiser, followed a sheep killing dog belonging to Mel Donley to the village and fired two shots at him, but missed the dog. This led to a controversy between the owner and Mr. Poorman, and while they were engaged in a heated discussion his brother, D. W. Donley, attempted to arrest Poorman, who refused to surrender the pistol.

Curt Poorman rushed to the assistance of his father and all three struggled for the possession of the revolver, but Donley succeeded in wresting it from the hands of Poorman and immediately commenced shooting at the son, Curt, the first shot grazing the temple and the second penetrating the heart, the victim dying within ten minutes. The public sentiment against Donley is very strong and it would be an easy matter to incite a mob. It is claimed that the shooting was unjustifiable and without provocation. Donley states that young Poorman struck him twice and that he did this shooting in self defense. The coroner's inquest and preliminary examinations are being held in Humboldt.

# TRAIN ROBBER BAFFLED.

**A Plucky Messenger Pushes Him Out of the Express Car.**

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Dec. 12.—C. W. Weakley, express messenger of the Lake Erie and Western, says that a lone train robber attempted to rob his car while his train was approaching this city. He says when the train stopped for the Illinois Central crossing at the city limits a mile from the city a large, powerful man crashed the glass in the car door and, extending his arm through the broken pane, opened the door, and was inside the door before the messenger could take in the situation. Weakley says no sooner had the robber gained admission to the car than he grappled with him and with herculean effort hurled the robber backward and landed him on the ground by the side of the car.

The train was by that time moving and the robber was left behind. The messenger says he had packages of money aggregating $5,000 lying on a table near the safe which he was preparing to transfer to this city, but did not lose anything. Though so near the city, the spot where occurrence took place is wild and desolate, being surrounded by heavy timber. It is the outyard of the Lake Erie and Western and the Big Four and there are generally long lines of empty freight cars there and many assaults and several murders have taken place in the vicinity. It is a favorite camping ground for tramps.

**Combination of Illinois Millers.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 8.—The Central Illinois Millers' association held it annual meeting here and took the initial steps to form a league of the millers of Illinois to protect themselves against the threatened destruction of the wheat milling industry by the large English syndicate of spring wheat millers with headquarters at Minneapolis. An appeal will be made to farmers and all consumers of flour to stand by the home millers. Officers were elected as follows: E. C. Kreider, Jacksonville, president; Charles H. Seybt, Highlands, secretary.

**Meeting of Republican Editors.**

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., Dec. 12.—There was a meeting in this city of the Republican editors of the Sixteenth congressional district for the purpose of forming a permanent organization and for fraternal purposes. The meeting was well attended. General S. D. Atkins, of Freeport, addressed the meeting and an organization was effected with E. J. Pearce, of Whitehall, president, and an executive committee consisting of a member from each county in the district.

**Killed While Hunting.**

BRIMFIELD, Ills., Dec. 8.—While out hunting Frank Lovett shot and almost instantly killed John D. Moore, a prominent business man of this place. Moore was getting into the sleigh when the gun which Lovett was carrying was accidentally discharged, the full load entering Moore's back. Several of the shots passed through his heart. He spoke only one or two words before expiring. Moore leaves a wife and two children, a daughter aged about 17 and a son aged 14.

**Was Popular at De Kalb.**

DE KALB, Ills., Dec. 12.—The news of the tragic death of County Coroner C. W. Hinds, who took his life in a Belvidere hotel, has created a profound sensation in this city, where he had lived for a number of years. He was one of the best known men in the county, as he was one of the most popular. He left no word that could be construed as a reason for committing the act, although it is supposed that despondency resulting from ill-health was the cause.

**Receiver for an Illinois Railway.**

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—Samuel P. Wheeler, of Springfield, Ills., has been appointed receiver of the Jacksonville, Louisville and St. Louis railroad. Wheeler's appointment takes the road out of the control of the receivers of the Jacksonville Southeastern system, of which it is a part. The road will still be operated in connection with the Jacksonville Southeastern.

**Epidemic of Typhoid Fever.**

CASEY, Ills., Dec. 12.—Westfield, eleven miles north of this place, has been scourged with typhoid fever for some weeks. Thirty cases have been reported. The fourth fatality has just occurred. Others are seriously prostrated. Physicians attribute the cause to the impurity of the water during the late scarcity.

**Masked Robbers Get a Lift.**

ST. CHARLES, Ill., Dec. 12.—Four masked men entered the Chicago Great Western depot and having bound, gagged, blindfolded and securely tied in chairs Night Operator Foster and his friend "Brick" Matteson, proceeded to blow open the safe, from which they obtained $1.10 and some checks and notes.

**Will Decide the State Fair Location.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 12.—The state board of agriculture will meet here Jan. 3, 1894, and at noon open bids for the state fair location.

# SLIGHTED NO ONE.

## Texas Robbers Who Were on Business Intent.

## MAKE A REGULAR CLEAN SWEEP,

**Relieve Passengers of Their Valuables, Loot the Express Car, and the Only Thing They Leave Is a Lump of Lead in a Fireman's Shoulder—The Plunder Estimated at From $10,000 to $50,000—Brutal Bandits.**

AUSTIN, Tex., Dec. 12.—The express car looted of all the money and valuables in the safe; all the passengers in the coaches robbed of their purses, watches, and jewelry, and a pistol ball in the shoulder of Fireman "Red" Corrigan, is the record of the hold-up and plunder of the northbound International and Great Northern passenger train at Duval Station, sixteen miles north of Austin. Corrigan's wound is painful but not dangerous. The amount of money taken from the express car and passengers is not yet accurately known. The gang's identity is not yet learned, though the trainmen give good descriptions of two of them. The train passed this city at 11:20 p. m. in charge of Conductor Joe Thomas, with Engineer Ed Rutledge and "Red" Corrigan, fireman.

**Fireman Was a Little Slow.**

Approaching Duval, sixteen miles north, Engineer Rutledge discovered the switch open and promptly brought the train to a standstill. Just as he stopped the train two well armed men with revolvers covered him. Fireman Corrigan was a little slow and the fellow who had a gun drawn on him fired, making an ugly wound in Corrigan's left shoulder. The firing of this shot was the signal for a regular fusillade from both sides of the train and in front, shattering headlight, windows and all. The bandits then attacked the express car in charge of Messenger Ruffinger, who was compelled to open the door and the safe.

**Raided the Coaches Next.**

Speedily looting it of all valuables the two robbers joined their confederates and a raid was made on the passenger coaches, the trainmen being left under guard. Three men passed through the coaches while those on the outside kept up a constant and rapid fire, intimidating the passengers, many of whom when the bandits entered were hiding under the seats. But the robbers made all deliver their money, watches and finger rings. One man did the robbing while the others held six-shooters.

**Should Be Docked for Carelessness.**

When the second passenger coach was entered one robber left a package on a coal box, and after the robbery it was discovered to be an express package containing $300. The robbers did not enter the sleeper. After going through the train the robbers got away as quickly as possible in the darkness toward the mountains.

**Seems to Have Been a Bootful Job.**

The amount of the booty is variously estimated at from $10,000 to $50,000. It is suspected that the gang is the same that made the big haul at Plano, Tex. Officers have gone in pursuit. The robbed train is the cannon ball No. 2. Messenger Ruffinger thinks there were six men in the gang. They all were masks. It took thirty minutes to complete the job. The bandits were very abusive and seemed to be drunk, cursing and striking passengers at will.

# DEFIANT ZELLA NICOLAUS.

**A New Story of How She Obtained That Check for $40,000.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—The World says: The case of Zella Nicolaus, who is suing George Gould for $40,000, appears in an entirely new light by reason of a story which has come out giving what purports to be the true history of the affair. This account comes from an authoritative source among the friends of Mrs. Nicolaus, and is briefly thus:

During a division of property left by Jay Gould Howard Gould's share was $40,000, for which he got a check, and took it with him to Chicago. There he met the fair Zella, and when he left he gave her the check.

Payment was stopped by George Gould when he heard of it and Zella came to New York, where she says George Gould said he would cash it rather than have a scandal. He gave her two $500 bills and she let him get hold of the check, when he stopped payment again.

She was summoned to see Superintendent Byrnes, but told him she had a right to the check and nothing he could do would stop her suit—he might do his worst—she defied him. And that is the way the matter stands now.

**Big Four Gets the C. and E. I.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 12.—A private New York telegram says that the deal has been closed by which the Chicago and Eastern Illinois is to pass under the control of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, the transfer to be made Feb. 1. The Big Four acquiring control of this road makes it master of the situation of this territory, with Indianapolis its grand center.

**No Meetings on the Lake Front.**

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—The police officials having received word that there would be a meeting of the unemployed on the lake front this morning early, and it being the day fixed by the crank Westgarth to gather 10,000 armed men there, 400 police were held in reserve at the stations from an early hour. No trouble has occurred so far.

**Prize Fight Cases at Crown Point.**

CROWN POINT, Ind., Dec. 12.—The jury in the Roby prize fight trials has been sworn in, consisting mostly of farmers. Costello, charged with riotious conspiracy, is the first to be tried.

**Georgia for Silver and State Banks.**

ATLANTA, Dec. 12.—The Georgia legislature has declared for the free coinage of both gold and silver without discrimination and for state banks of issue.

**Point of the Item: He Escaped.**

LITTLE ROCK, Dec. 12.—Sod Horner, who murderously attacked Miss Kelly near Harrisburg, narrowly escaped lynching at Jonesboro.

**Ives Wins the First Night's Score.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—Ives won the first billiard game with Slosson. Score—Ives, 600; Slosson, 500.

Fires: At Upper Sandusky, O., a Catholic church burned. Loss, $9,000; insurance, $3,000. At Humeston, Ia., George Mozier's residence burned and his wife died of fright. At Camden, Ark., the Elliott block. Loss, $23,000; insurance, $9,500.

# BOLD BANK ROBBERY.

**The First National of South Bend, Ind., Plunder of $16,000.**

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Dec. 8.—The boldest robbery in the annals of northern Indiana crime was committed about noon, the victim being the South Bend National bank, one of the leading concerns of the state. The amount taken was $15,900, and the manner in which the theft was committed was so daring and well planned that the dazed bank officials and the police do not yet fully comprehend it. From present indications it is the belief that only one man entered the bank, and he carried out just as much money as he could comfortably handle. The fact that so much money was left tends to strengthen this theory. The robbery occurred during the noon hour, when the bank was deserted, and the fact that no one was in the habit of remaining in the institution at that hour must have been known by the men who planned and executed the daring piece of work.

# COLUMBIAN MUSEUM.

**Work of Installing the Exhibits in the Fine Arts Building.**

CHICAGO, Dec. 8.—Over $2,000,000 worth of World's fair exhibits have been donated to the Columbian museum, and the work of installing them in their temporary abiding place in the art gallery of the Fine Arts building at Jackson park has been commenced.

Additional donations of exhibits of an interesting character have been made by Great Britain, Germany, Japan and the Donegal castle people. The forestry exhibit of Illinois in the state building has also been given to the museum. Agents of the museum have purchased $30,000 worth of furniture from the exposition company for use in the museum. The Lake Shore Railroad company has donated 5,000 shares of exposition stock to the museum. Other contributors were J. K. Armsby, J. L. McKeever, M. Born & Co., and Benezette Williams. The stock contributed up to the present time is valued at $671,780.

**Shot and Killed a Burglar.**

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—Three burglars raided Samuel N. Clifford's grocery store at 863 West Adams street at 6:30 o'clock in the morning. Clifford had just opened the store when the men entered, one at a time in quick succession. One fired at the proprietor and demanded the contents of the cash drawer. Clifford made a move to comply but instead took out a revolver. He fired at the intruders and killed one. The police think the dead man was King, a notorious character recently released from the bridewell.

**Mayor Harrison's Assassin.**

CHICAGO, Dec. 11.—Little progress was made in the Prendergast case. All the veniremen on hand were examined, but as they all had fixed opinions they were excused. Then the court had to wait until another batch of veniremen could be secured. In the meantime the prisoner attempted to enter into conversation with the judge, but was restrained. State's Attorney Kern has decided to call in medical experts, who will watch the prisoner's conduct and testify in the case as to his insanity.

**Mohican Going to Honolulu.**

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 11.—The United States steamer Mohican came off the Mare island dry dock and will begin coaling. The vessel is under orders to be ready for sea on the 16th inst. Her destination is Honolulu. It is believed she is to relieve the Philadelphia, now at Honolulu. The Mohican will be able to coal in from three to four days. Commander Clark lately arrived from an Asiatic station and Executive Officer Wadham, lately from Washington, will command her.

**Syracuse Has a $260,000 Fire.**

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 11.—The buildings on West Water street, occupied by the John Single Paper company, Walrath & Co., wholesale grocers, Robert McCarthy & Son, hardware dealers, were destroyed by fire. The loss is total, as follows: Single Paper company, $90,000; insurance, $60,000; McCarthy & Son, $74,000; insurance, $12,000; Walrath & Co., $55,000; insurance, $50,000; other buildings, $45,000; insurance, $40,000.

**Traitor on Board the America.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—The Herald has the following: The Brazilian cruiser America, which sailed from New York for Rio Janeiro on the night of Nov. 25 for the purpose of fighting the rebel Admiral Mello's warships, is lying at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, so seriously disabled by the act of an unknown traitor among her crew that she will probably be unable to continue her voyage for several weeks.

**Good News for Miners.**

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 12.—All the collieries of the Lehigh Valley Coal company and all the individual collieries tributary to the Lehigh Valley railroad resumed operations on full time. This action upon the part of the coal operators will give employment to thousands of miners and helpers who have been either idle or have worked irregularly since the Lehigh Valley strike began.

**Still Pounding Away at Rio.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—A dispatch from Montevideo says that the Peixoto and Mello guns at Rio de Janeiro are still firing at each other every day. Peixoto's fleet, when joined by the ships bought at New York, will begin a campaign against Mello's at sea. The government forces attempted to capture Fort Vallegaignon with a rush, but were repulsed will heavy loss.

**Sold to the Big Four Road.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—It is announced that the Chicago and Eastern Illinois road has been sold to the Big Four railroad company. The transfer, it is said, will be made on Feb. 1. It gives the Big Four an independent entrance into Chicago.

**That Texas Bank Robbery.**

PLANO, Tex., Dec. 11.—The cashier of the national bank, robbed Saturday morning, places the loss at $19,442. The stockholders of the bank were assessed to make the loss good. There is no clew to the robbers.

**Extended the Time.**

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—The ways and means committee have changed the time when the tariff bill will go into effect from March 1 to June 1, 1894.

Near Meadville, Pa., G. D. Bailey and Ernest Winans were out rabbit hunting. Bailey, who wore a fur cap, was couched behind a pile of logs. Winans saw his friend's cap, and mistaking it for a rabbit, fired his gun. Bailey's head was blown off.

# ITEMS OF INTEREST.

**Short Paragraphs About the Happenings of a Week.**

Phœbe, the 6-year-old child of Samuel J. Oglesby, was scalded to death at Sedalia, Mo., by overturning a tub of scalding water upon herself.

The grip continues to spread around Holland, Mich., and appears to be attacking chiefly old people.

Coal of a superior quality has been discovered in Madison county, Ind., at a depth of only thirty-five feet.

St. Joseph, Mo., thieves have been robbing mail boxes and altering checks. Several banks have suffered.

Robert Reynolds, a negro employe of the Anderson, Ind., wire nail mills, was thrown into a vat of boiling acid and fatally burned.

Three hundred men will resume work in the Pullman repair shops at Wilmington, Del., this week at a reduction of 20 per cent. in wages.

Midway's danse du ventre was stopped in New York by the police.

William Hawkins, 50 years old, was killed at Decatur, Ills., by being run over by a train.

Walter A. Richardson, an old railway man, was found dead in The Herald office at Oskaloosa, Ia.

* * *

Scarlet fever of a very virulent type has made its appearance at Cadillac, Mich.

Emil Coppo, miner, unmarried, was killed by a vein rock falling on him at Houghton, Mich.

Henry L. Garrett of Toledo was beaten to unconsciousness and robbed by unknown sandbaggers.

C. W. Case has assumed his new duties as general manager of the Great Northern, vice A. L. Mohler resigned.

Hirschberg & Co. of Boston, wholesale boot and shoe dealers, have made an assignment. The liabilities are said to be about $160,000, nominal assets about the same.

For the first time in many years gambling houses at Sioux City were raided and $10,000 worth of paraphernalia confiscated. Fifty arrests were made.

W. D. Chalkley, a foreman on the Burlington bridge at Belle Fountain Bluffs, fell sixty-three feet to the frozen river and was instantly killed.

* * *

Asa Guy Gurney was bound over at New Orleans under bond of $30,000, charged with the theft of $22,500 from an express package.

Ministers in St. Louis have started a movement looking to the taxing of church property.

Liquor can no longer be sold in canteens in military camps in Canada.

Thieves have stolen a team of horses valued at $1,000 from Wheeler Adams of Assumption, Ills.

William Wilson, circus employe, was given ten years at Bellaire, O., for killing Officer George Murphy.

William Wade while intoxicated, was killed by cars at Macomb, Ills. His mother will sue the saloonkeepers who made him drunk.

Mrs. Mary Spangler, an old lady of Macomb, Ills., while building a fire was so badly burned that she died.

Clara Wilhoyte, 10 years old, was fatally burned at Jeffersonville, Ind., by her clothing catching fire.

* * *

At Winona, Minn., the widow of Patrick Chambers was awarded damages of $5,000 against the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City railway.

Dr. W. R. Amich, a Cincinnati specialist, has sued the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons for $150,000, alleging libel.

The Silberhorn Packing company of Chicago will commence about Jan. 1 to operate a packing plant at Sioux City with a daily capacity of 3,500 hogs and 500 cattle.

Public Printer Palmer, through the secretary of the treasury, in a communication to the house, estimates that there will be a deficiency of $810,000 in the appropriation for the present fiscal year.

The petition filed at Indianapolis asking for the withdrawal of A. J. Beveridge from the position of administrator of the Joseph E. McDonald estate was withdrawn.

A joint resolution has passed both house and senate authorizing the secretary of war to permit the use of the monument and other grounds during the Pythian encampment in August, 1894.

* * *

A new oil field has been found near Fort Recovery, O.

Frank Miller is under arrest at Helena, Mont., charged with the murder of his brother.

Alfred Garrett, a farmer, was killed by a train at Norris City, Ills.

Employes of four factories at Carlisle, Pa., are prostrated as the result of wholesale vaccination.

The Kauffman iron mines near Alburtis, Pa., have shut down for the first time in fourteen years.

The Duluth Stock Exchange is to be dissolved. The assets will be divided among the members.

Burglars secured $460 from the store of J. Adam at Summerfield, Ills.


## Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two [illegible] the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of

Jos. Ruby.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

he was entirely free from sores." HARRY E. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. 25c.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

# THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 16, 1893.


### AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—"Friend Fritz."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Carleton Opera Company.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Count y Sport."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Texas Steer."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Black Crook."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Crust of Society."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Wicklow Postman."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Ferguson & McCarthy's "Mishaps."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

### DECLINE OF ENGLISH TRADE AND COMMERCE.

In a recent issue of this journal we pointed out the significant decline of the English army and navy. This decline is admitted by Englishmen themselves. The want of confidence that prevails throughout Britain in the stability of her great financial institutions, proves that her material wealth is in as bad a condition as her army and her fleet. When such an influential journal as the London *Times* hints at serious defalcations in the management of the Bank of England, and the *Financial News* of that city calls on that institution to give the public a full and impartial statement of its accounts, there must indeed be something decidedly "rotten in the state of Denmark."

English commercial supremacy is a thing of the past. The much abused McKinley bill was chiefly instrumental in killing her trade with this country—though she may soon find another field for her wares in our midst if the new tariff bill, which was received with enthusiasm by the English press, becomes, as it probably will, the law of this land. Germany's growing merchant fleet has established in many quarters a trade which was previously English. France and the United States are also competing with England successfully in the commercial world—with the result that she is being gradually ousted from those rich and prosperous markets where once her produce was the sole purchaseable commodity.

Her financial failures of late years have crippled England to a remarkable extent. The recent great strike of thousands of coal miners has not only raised the price of coal ten-fold, but has also temporarily suspended hundreds of workshops dependent on that fuel and caused the dismissal of a large number of employes and the consequent starvation of their families.

It is computed that England's supply of coal will be exhausted towards the close of the twentieth century, when she will be compelled to have recourse to this country and to Germany for her fuel. She will then have to pay several hundred millions of dollars a year to both these nations, instead of spending it among her own people as at present. Even now, as Mr. J. S. Jeans writes in the November *Nineteenth Century*: "England does not appear to have command of such cheap coal as Germany or the United States. This notable fact," adds the English essayist, "is the most fundamental and serious that can be imagined in reference to our industrial failure—may easily be placed beyond doubt or controversy by an appeal to official figures. A miner produces in America almost twice as much coal in a day as is produced in England, so that the United States have been for some years past producing their coal at a cost not much exceeding one half of many coal fields that are being worked in this country. In other words, while the average value at the pit's mouth of the British coal output is eight shillings, or more than two dollars a ton, it is only a dollar at American pits."

All these facts point unerringly to the conclusion that, like all great empires of the past, the British empire is fated to fall into decay, and disappear from the world's geography. It would be a blasphemy to state that God has given a charter of perpetuity to that big bloated, self-divided, tottering commonwealth. She, too, will have to pass into the phantom land of death, and may the Lord speed her exit from this!

### A WORD TO SOME DEMOCRATIC CRANKS.

A few unreasoning persons, whose names are on our subscription list, have had the bad taste to send letters and verbal messages to the editor of THE CITIZEN threatening him with the boycott if he supported Mayor Swift in the pending political campaign. The editor of THE CITIZEN is nobody's slave. He has his own opinions on American public questions, and he will stick to them, if every Democrat on the subscription list of this paper were to stop taking it tomorrow. We made a living, and a reputation, on the American daily press, before THE CITIZEN was established, and we can do so again—or in some other way—if neccessary. But the Irish-American people, of all parties, owe quite as much to THE CITIZEN as it owes to them. It has been their consistent defender through many dark and evil days. It has, for twelve long years, fought consistently for the rights of their kindred in Ireland, and for their own privileges in this country; but it cannot be bound by their opinions, or prejudices, in American matters, and, once for all, it will not be. We are not made of the stuff that can be bullied into a tame attitude by the misdirected anger of some of the people we have championed and upheld, as few journals on this continent, or any other, have done.

Two native born Americans happen to be running for the office of mayor. The editor of THE CITIZEN prefers Mr. Swift, while in no manner assailing his competitor. This is the privilege of a free man, and we have no apologies to make for exercising it. If Mr. Swift should be elected, we venture to predict that some of the very subscribers who are now howling against us, for supporting him, would be among the very first to run to this office begging our "influence," such as it may be, to place themselves or their friends in office under the Republican mayor. The bulk of our subscribers are men of independent views and broad minds. They understand us and we understand them, but we never hope to be understood or appreciated by the fanatical few to whom party is everything and principle nothing. THE CITIZEN is an independent paper and will always follow its own bent in American public affairs, without fear or favor.

### CAPT. GEORGE F. CHASE.

The adjutant-general of the army, in a recent report, paid a high and well deserved compliment to Capt. George F. Chase, of the Third Cavalry, in regard to the splendid services rendered by the Captain in connection with the Rio Grande border troubles of the last year. While recognizing the good work done by other officers in the same sphere of duty, the adjutant-general selected Capt. Chase for special mention. This typical American soldier is still in the prime of manhood. A graduate of the Military Academy of West Point, he has served on the frontier almost continuously for twenty years. He was with General Crook in the first Arizona campaign; served with the same general in the great Sioux war of 1876-77, and covered himself with glory in several severe conflicts with the warlike Sioux. He made a most gallant record in the pursuit and capture of the revolted Northern Cheyennes at Red Cloud Agency in 1878, and it was his command that exterminated the last man of Dull Knife's heroic tribe. In fact, no officer of the regular army deserves better of his country than Capt. George F. Chase.

### CAN'T BOOM CLEVELAND.

Mr. Hopkins would have done much better in his opening speech at Apollo Hall, on Monday night, if he had not attempted to give a certificate of good patriotic character to Grover Cleveland and the Brigadiers who control the present congress. Mr. Cleveland has made a botch and a blunder of his second presidential term, as so far demonstrated. His conduct in regard to the attempted restoration of the monarchy in Hawaii; his ungenerous denunciation of ex-Minister Egan's hospitable and gallant conduct toward political refugees in Chili; his complete surrender to Wall street influences in his financial policy, and his indorsement of the hypocritical, trimming, time-serving and cowardly Wilson bill in his recent message—all these acts, and others, have stamped Mr. Cleveland with the brand of failure as a statesman and a patriot. We ought to have also catalogued the president's appointment of that champion American flunkey, Mr. Bayard, to the English mission as one of his political blunders. Mr. Bayard is as little of an American (much more of an Englishman) as is Mr. Blount, who hauled down the American flag at Honolulu, agreeably to the wishes, and instructions, of Mr. Cleveland. The latter is an anti-national president and he is backed by the Brigadiers, who are, for the most part, utterly indifferent to American interests abroad, and nearly so at home, outside of their own states. How any man, claiming good common-sense, could indorse Cleveland and the existing congress passes our comprehension. Capital at the North is paralyzed by the knowledge that both the executive and legislative branches of the American government are in the hands of Free Traders, who are the petted darlings of the rapacious British press, which, without distinction of party, favors Free Trade and low wages. The less said about the people having confidence in Cleveland and the Brigadiers by any candidate for public honors, in this city, or elsewhere, the better for himself and his party. The name of Cleveland is becoming odious to the workingmen of America.

### THE SHIPPY CASE.

Dealing with the restoration of Lieut. Shippy to the police force, at a Fifth ward meeting, on Wednesday evening, Mayor Swift said:

"What else do my enemies say about me? They say that I have appointed a time-server on the police force. Now, about this officer, Lieut. Shippy. I was asked to appoint him by several good, honest men. I knew nothing about the man, so I sent for Chief Brennan and asked him about the lieutenant. He said he was an excellent officer. Not content with this I called in Inspector Hunt and he said: 'He is one of the best men we ever had on the force.' Now, if there was a trap laid for me to appoint Shippy, I ask you who has fallen into it? The Democratic press is teeming with cartoons of Lieut. Shippy driving voters into line for Swift. I ask you who do you think is responsible for Shippy's appointment?"

### THE SCARE IN DUBLIN.

The Irish papers, of all parties, are filled with accounts of bombs without fuses and fuses without bombs being found in various parts of Dublin. It seems queer to us that ferociously disposed revolutionists, if they were in earnest, should fail to make the requisite practical connection between the bomb and the fuse. The whole business seems to us to be farcical. In the first place, we fail to see who could be interested in imperilling the lives and property of the good citizens of Dublin, except their hereditary enemies, the English, and these latter have certainly enough horse, foot and artillery—not to mention the police—in the country to carry out whatever drastic policy toward Ireland may be decided upon by their government. In the next place, the Fenian element, to whom the fuseless bombs and bombless fuses are charged, never showed any disposition to resort to explosives, except in the ordinary way of propelling lead or iron, by means of gunpowder, from rifles or cannon. It is, therefore, absurd to charge the Dublin "startling discoveries" to the Fenians or their disciples. In the third place, and this is the meat of the question, no sensible Irishman, however "extreme" he may be, can see any use whatever, in exploding destructive shells in the Irish metropolis, under existing conditions. There was a time when such conduct could be understood, but this is not the time. It looks to us, from every standpoint, as if the whole business was the work of practical jokers, who desire to scare timid people and give the Castle detectives a chance to do something to justify their penchant for earning blood money. The recent murder of a man in one of the streets of Dublin by, as is alleged, two companions, seems to us to have been the result of a drunken brawl, not of a criminal conspiracy. The murder of men who happen to be out at unseasonable hours in large cities is not uncommon even in America. Dublin is so unused to that kind of thing that it is startled. In Chicago it would call for a merely passing comment.

### A SCURRILOUS PROPAGANDA.

The pot-valiant fuglemen of Lord Salisbury, who have a pocket interest in the continued spoliation of Irish tenants, are on the warpath once more with a manifesto in which they advocate chains and coercion for their unfortunate victims. These knaves, comprising Irish absentee landlords, and English mortgagees on Irish land, are also circulating among English workingmen hundreds of thousands of leaflets, all of which are atrocious libels on the character of the Irish race. Falsehoods and misrepresentations abound in this gutter literature of theirs. Appealing to the stomach of the British democracy, these modern Munchausens furbish up the old fallacy that a College Green parliament would injuriously affect the interests of the working classes in England, Scotland, and Wales. Among their other lying assertions are the contention that under a home rule regime Irish mechanics and laborers would ruin English trade by working longer hours, and that English tea and tobacco would be taxed more and more to meet imperial expenditure on Ireland. Though John Bull's inner-man is his God, he will hardly accept all this silly twaddle as gospel truth.

In others of these leaflets thirty-three of the Irish members of parliament are referred to as "ruffians." The only supporters of home rule in Ireland are, it is added "dynamiters, ignorant voters who can neither read nor write, cattle maimers, and miserable peasants who have been bribed with the promise of plundering the rent-lords, and who are being intimidated by the priests."

Such coarse, vulgar language as that just quoted will fortunately do more harm than good to those who are contemptible enough to indulge in it. Its offensive odor proves the thorough rottenness of the landlord system. These squireens having bost their teeth, are now howling in senile impotency for their old-time "rights" and "privileges." Their very rage explains the utter loathsomeness of their language.

### CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS.

The first battalion Clan-na-Gael Guards recently elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Major, L. R. Buckley; quartermaster, Lieut. O'Brien; surgeon, Dr. J. Reilly; chaplain, Rev. D. P. O'Brien; inspector of rifle practice, Captain Gorman. The meetings of the battalion for business will be held on the evening of the first Monday in each month.

WHAT is the matter with T. M. Healy since the late nine-hour secret meeting of his party? He has not shown his teeth in public, and seems to be as mute as a clam. Has the committee of the McCarthyites put a clinching quietus on his ribald tongue?

MR. JOHN MORLEY is ill—sick, we dare say, of an overdose of the Irish question; Mr. Gladstone feels the loss to his health caused by the death of his medical adviser, Sir Andrew Clarke; and Home Rule is hung up on a peg for another year! Such is the Irish political situation just now. Dismal—is it not?

THE late Mr. Tyndall was a rabid anti-Irish Irishman. Though born in Carlow of parents whose forefathers were natives of Ireland for several generations, he never forgot his English descent. Carlyle, another hater of everything Irish, was a bosom friend of the late professor. On one occasion, conversing with Tyndall on the Irish question, the disgruntled sage of Chelsea, speaking in broad Scotch, said: "D'ye think we want our house divided in two, and the back parlor full of French Socialists and Americans? No, mon, by gad, no!"

GREAT writer and philosopher though he was, Carlyle was yet as narrow-minded and as full of parish prejunice as a Yorkshire lout. He had no sympathy with oppressed peoples. He looked on liberty with the jaundiced eyes of a would-be despot. Comparing England to a lion and Ireland to a mouse, on one occasion he cold-bloodedly observed: "What ought the lion do if the mouse crosses his path, and seeks to annoy him—crush it—by heavens, crush it!" And yet his own native land sold ner liberty in order to become the mistress, so to speak, of the Anglo-Saxon! Carlyle brayed like an ass whenever he took up politics for his theme.

THE Independent Nationalists have more than held their own in the recent municipal elections in Ireland. They won two more seats in the Limerick corporation, and elsewhere they have also scored successes. It looks as if the popular tide is turning in favor of a manly, and against a fawning attitude, towards the Gladstonian government.

THE British people are beginning to doubt the financial stability of the Bank of England. The next thing, the utility of which they may commence to doubt, is the divine right of Victoria to pauperize them by taxes for the support of her prolific brood. Royalty, like Shylock, must have its pound of flesh—so long as the populace are asinine enough to allow themselves to be brought to the royal shambles.

THE Duke of Leinster has been gathered to his grandfathers, leaving behind him the sole record of having been the husband of the most beautiful of modern Englishwomen, whose photographs are for sale in every bookstore in Britain. How these Geraldines have degenerated!

CLEVELAND'S policy in Hawaii of late is one of dull inactivity. He won't use force, it is said, but how can the Lily of these islands be transplanted back to her throne otherwise? Her chances of sitting on that article of royal furniture are fortunately growing slimmer and slimmer week by week. The United States would stultify itself by seeking to prop up the rotten pillars of monarchy in any portion of the civilized, or semi-civilized globe.

AN interesting story is told of the more or less famous Catholic writer, Christian Reid. Her father, Col. Fisher, was at one time state contractor for the building of the western North Carolina section of the Richmond & Danville railroad, and had ivested all his savings in that speculation. The state having become bankrupt, the colonel was left absolutely penniless. In this crisis Miss Fisher took up her pen and came to the rescue of the family fortunes by writing stories. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Her father's disaster brought the daughter not only fame, but money with which she rebuilt the former prosperity of the Fisher household.

THE son of the late Michael Balfe, the well known Irish composer, is, it seems, in financial difficulties. He recently brought an action for libel against a London newspaper, the editor of which stated that he was only the illegitimate son of the illustrious Irish musician. The jury, finding that there was no foundation for this malicious falsehood, gave Mr. Balfe £1,000 damages, but through a legal quibble he has not fallen in for the shining coin of the realm as yet. By the by, the golden jubilee performance of his late father's work "The Bohemian Girl" took place in London on last Monday week at the Drury Lane Theatre.

ON Dec. 2 the ex-secretary of the London Irish Literary Society, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, was tendered a banquet, the occasion being his departure for Ireland in order to become secretary of the Industrial Association of Dublin. The courses at this festivity from the soup to dessert were of Irish production, and the menu was printed in Irish. A poem entitled "A New Vision of Ireland," specially written for the occasion by Alfred P. Graves, was recited by that popular Irish poet in person. Mr. Rolleston is a Protestant patriot of the true type.

A CERTAIN Rev. Rowdy Harrison, who has for some years past become notorious by his public evangelizing antics in the town of Arklow, Wicklow, has transferred his hobby to the city of Cork, where he preaches the gospel in Patrick street. He tells the citizens of Cork that they are sinners, and that he is about to make saints of them if they will only become turncoats and embrace Protestantism. The bigoted dominie hasn't the ghost of a chance of success for his mission in Patrick street. He is literally preaching in a wilderness.

A MONUMENT is to be raised in Paris to the memory of Gounod, the famous composer. Already fifty thousand francs have been subscribed for that laudable object.

### SWIFT AND HOPKINS.

**The Candidates for the Mayoral Chair Make Pointed Speeches to Their Supporters at Bricklayers' and Apollo Halls.**

MR. SWIFT'S SPEECH.

Mayor George B. Swift, who has been making a vigorous and admirable campaign, delivered a pungent speech on the municipal conditions in Bricklayers' Hall, last Monday evening. He said, in part:

"I have just come from a meeting of the City Council, where I am happy to say the members of that body for once acted as a unit and made arrangements for the shelter of the homeless men who, the chief of police tells me, have, to the number of 1,500 slept on the cold floors of the City hall. I am happy to say that we received our first check for the help of these men from a charitable woman, who sent $100 to pay the rent of two lofts on Wabash avenue. A committee from the Council was appointed to confer with the Chicago Civic Confederation and to care for the 100,000 men out of employment.

"Think of these men out of employment and men drawing salaries from the city for nothing whatsoever. Payrolls stuffed! There was a pay-roll on my desk this evening that, if I were to tell you how bad it was, you would think I was talking to gain votes, and of all things I hate a demagogue. But do you think a bill for $18,000 for street inspectors' salaries for one month is an honest bill? I don't.

"I found when I was chosen as mayor ad interim that, unknown to the taxpayers, there was a large deficit in the treasury. One of my first acts upon assuming the duties of mayor was to order the police to clear the city of the toughs and thugs with which it was infested. The police complained that they were handicapped by the work of the justices. Then I called these men to meet the police, and after a two hours' session the matter was settled. If I am elected mayor I shall insist that the police shall not do partisan duty. The police have done partisan duty under Republicans as well as under the Democrats, and they have been pulled this way and that. But if I am elected I will see to it that they do police work and nothing else.

"I want the citizens to have the protection they have a right to demand. I want it so that my wife and daughters, and your wife and daughters can go along the streets without insult from a lot of ruffians who hang about the streets and corners. You will find these same loafers banded solidly together against your candidate. But the respectable people are in the majority in Chicago and it lies with you to say whether decency and law and order or ruffianism shall prevail. If you come out and do your duty we will have, I promise you, two years of a business administration. The Democrats say we have no platform upon which your candidate can stand. But they haven't the decency to tell the people why. During the convention Charles Kozminski, as good and charitable man as ever lived, dropped dead. To do honor to him the convention adjourned before the committee reported. The Democrats did not say anything about this.

"No platform! I don't need any platform. I can stand upon my record as a public officer, and any one who wishes can find out what I have done. I don't need a platform. What do promises amount to? We want men who will act.

"The Democrats promise in their platform several things. Among these to publish the pay-rolls, to clean the streets, to care for the garbage, to divorce the police from politics. What did they ever do in these directions? Let him answer who can.

"Were the pay-rolls published before I took up the office? Were the police doing their duty? Who built the creamatory that is burning 100 tons of garbage every day? The Democrats also say they will elevate the grade crossings. Did they do it when in power? I tell you promises are all very well, but they do not accomplish many reforms.

"It is in your hands, gentlemen, to say what sort of an administration you will have."

MR. HOPKINS' REMARKS.

Mr. John P. Hopkins practically opened his end of the campaign at Apollo Hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, on Monday night. We take the *Tribune's* report of his remarks, which is the best we could find, as follows:

"Our Republican opponents have attempted to shirk the issues of the day by devoting their time to the assault on the Democratic party by charging it with the responsibility of the present hard times. In my judgment they may as well hold the Democrats responsible for the bank failures in Australia last year, or the present hard times in Germany, France, Italy and Spain. Our present condition is due, perhaps, more to thirty years of Republican legislation than anything else. As the Democratic party has nominated me for mayor of this city, I propose to confine myself to local issues only. I have the utmost confidence in our president, our senate and the house of representatives to remedy our present wants.

"I am here to pledge my word that the liberty of no citizen shall be encroached upon so long as he obeys the laws of this country. Sunday afternoon concerts where you may take your families or picnics on the Sabbath day shall not be interferred with so long as I am mayor of Chicago. And I sincerely believe I will be. I believe in freedom of thought.

"As to that plank in the platform which pledges the Democratic party to the elevation of the railroad tracks I stand squarely upon that platform. I have no entanglement or alliance with any corporation. The only connection I have ever had with any was the Pullman company, and that company only paid for the labor which I performed, and I believe they got value received. Only a short time ago our late Mayor, Carter H. Harrison, pledged himself for the elevation of tracks. Mr. Kraus, the corporation counsel, prepared a bill and began aggressive measures against the railroad companies. Can any man in this room tell me what has become of that movement?

"My opponents have used the argument that I am too young to be a mayor. I believe this is true as far as holding an office is concerned. Up to the present time I have never held an office or sought one. But I believe that my experience in business, because for twenty-five years I have hustled for myself, will prove a benefit to the taxpayers and they will be able to find out what has become of their money when they want to know."

Mr. Hopkins then told of how he was not too young to manage a Democratic campaign in November, 1892, which gave his party 37,000 majority. He said he believed as a Democratic mayor the offices belonged to the Democrats, but he would see to it that each Democrat did an honest day's work for the money he received. As to the pay-rolls he declared that he would have copies made of them accessible to every citizen.


**A First-Class Diamond**

At reasonable prices can be obtained at Peacock's, State and Washington streets.


### THE BAD TIMES AND FREE TRADE.

[*To the Editor.*]

England sends up a wail of distress over the recent state elections. It had hoped that McKinleyism and its protection ideas met its death blow when Cleveland was elected. Now the prospects of McKinley as a presidential nominee simply makes them sick; and it really is too bad. If Cleveland and his Free Trade congress can succeed in shutting up the American factories there is no reason why foreign countries should not sell the United States two or three times as much as they did last year.

The United States bought $941,361,421 worth of merchandise from foreign countries last year, three-fourths of which could have been produced in the United States, and would have kept every factory running and every man in this country employed at good wages. It is estimated that there are nearly 3,000,000 men now out of work throughout this country. The threat of tariff reduction has closed half of the mills entirely, a quarter are running on half time at reduced wages, the remainder are running on quarter time with greatly reduced forces. The savings laid up by this vast army of workers are fast melting away.

If the reports of the Chicago newspapers be true, that there are over 150,000 unemployed men in Chicago at the present time, and of course the business houses as well as producers of all kinds feel it financially. It is the same all over the country; yet the full measure of mischief wrought by this idea of wrecking American industries to favor foreign capitalists and manufacturers is not upon us. When this threat of "tariff reduction" is carried out, the hopeless condition of labor will be more fully understood.

American labor, to compete, must come down to the foreign level. Free Trade and tariff reduction mean decaying mills, rusting machinery, declining real estate and lost industries. It also means a large increase of importations, which will drain the country of gold to pay for the foreign goods, as foreign countries only buy of us raw cotton and the food products that are necessary to sustain life. There is a limit in the capacity of the business stomach; when that want is supplied their purchases cease.

How to revise the tariff so as to kill the protected industries of the country is what the managers of the Ways and Means Committee seemingly are trying to find out. Their idea, it seems, is how to raise enough of money for "revenue only."

It would be to the interest of the wage earners of Chicago and throughout the country, if they would read the editorials of THE CITIZEN relative to American progressive industries and American labor, and take THE CITIZEN'S good advice, as it has at all times stood by the interest of the working classes of this country, instead of being led away and caught with the arguments of horizontal free trade politicians and members of the Cobden Club of England, all of whom know just what will benefit Free Trade England.

A CITIZEN.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 12.


**Elegant Silverware.**

The latest designs in silverware can always be had at Peacock's, State and Washington streets.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,**

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

# "DISHING THE WHIGS."

## Father O'Mahony Writes an Interesting Letter in Regard to Affairs in Ireland.

### He Defends the Policy of Physical Force in a Figurative Way.

*[The Citizen assumes no responsibility for the sentiments of Correspondents.]*

*[To the Editor.]*

PIPER CITY, Ill., Dec. 11.—Here are three of us Irishmen, Messrs. Barry, Considine and myself, disputing in the columns of THE CITIZEN how to "Dish the Whigs." It is the old, old story. There sit old "Rooster" Gladstone and "Crow" Salisbury on the fence laughing at us and telling us "First catch your hare and then cook it." Mr. Barry thinks it ought to be served with Redmond sauce, Mr. Considine with McCarthy salad, and I think both Whig and Tory only "carrion" fit to be blown to pieces with a blunderbus. Since 1867 many of us have been out hunting with these parliamentary fellows, and though we supplied the ammunition none of us would get a shot, for fear of blowing landlordism to blazes instead of merely taking it "ou the wing" in true constitutional style. I resolved at last to go gunning outside the lines of the "floor of the house."

Now, with your permission, Mr. Editor, let me briefly illustrate Ireland's history. Our old loved mother Erin is in the clutches of the English lion for more than seven centuries. The brute was cute enough not to kill his victim outright. He allowed her a little liberty now and again, and permitted her occasionally to wax fat, and have a numerous progeny in order to have more blood to suck. Not one of us but pays tribute to England; we send money for politics, for poverty, to our friends. All the same, down it goes into the lion's maw and he has many whelps—landlords, bailiffs, soldiers, peelers. At present old mother Ireland is very much distracted, and sick nigh unto death over the doings of her sons. Even her cherished children at present give her pain. Let us take four types of these Irish boys of hers.

1. The rebel, who sees hope for freedom only in arms, and who, even if he got it otherwise, would yet like to "pay back the deep debt so long due."

Then if the color we must wear be England's cruel red,
Let it remind us of the blood for Ireland was shed.

2. The moderates, McCarthyites and Redmondites, who have all the sense going—the brain-carriers.

3. The indifferent, peace-at-any-price party, the "not one drop of blood" men; the counsellers of wise and prudent submission. As a specimen of this party let us take the resurrected Bishop Moriarty.

4. The spy and informer, of the Coryden, Massey, Pigott, LeCaron type.

Suppose I be allowed the honor of representing the rebel party, Mr. Considine the McCarthyites, Mr. Barry the Redmondites, and the Bishop the party of submission for conscience sake. Mr. Corydon will faithfully do as a specimen of an old native Irish spy. We are all sons of Erin, or supposed to be, and pay a visit to our mother land. Of course the Bishop gets precedence, and he says "How do you feel today, mother?" "Tolerably well only." "Ah, but you might be worse, you know; you can go to mass now, and we are building churches by a lettle begging at home and abroad, and as for evictions, why! the poorhouses are built, and so be patient, for God, you know, chastises those he loves. Those other sons of yours here are only hot-headed fools, doing more harm than good." Corydon says he'd like to stick the Bishop, and the mother orders him out of her house. Then the Bishop, after saying something queer about hell and eternity for the likes of Corydon—and it was of such he spoke, Mr. Barry (I have been at pains to learn) and that is what he and his defenders claim. The Bishop turns to me and he says, says he, "Now, young man, go home and attend to the vineyard of the Lord, you are neither a David nor a Sampson, and leave agitation to men who make it a profession. 'England's power can't be broken. It can't be done." "No, my lord," said Mr. Barry, "not even with a blackthorn stick?" "Ha, ha, ha! precisely so, Mr. Barry; I am glad to see you have got some sense since that day I was preaching, trying to keep you from your gun. You did not catch my drift correctly that day, I said 'hell was not hot enough nor eternity long enough to punish the Fenians.' I only meant it for informers. Now, however, I acknowledge it was a mistake to use that famous or infamous phrase, because it was out-distancing God's judgment, who hath prepared a hell hot enough and an eternity quite long enough, too, for the punishment of all unrepentant sinners. I see you have been quoting me in the Chicago papers; but don't be illogical, Mr. Barry, and don't condemn all the Irish bishops and priests for the sayings and doings of a few."

"How do you do, mother?" Mr. Considine says. "We are having a big time fighting for you, and have brought you some presents: a nice land bill, and some justices of the peace, grand Catholics who won't fine a poor woman for her stray ass (donkey is too polite) more than 2s 6d at least. Then today Mr. Morley promises us a board of inquiry into the working of the Land act; Mr. Davitt says it is going to be a splendid, out-an'-out inquiry this time. And—and, we are within measurable distance of home rule, don't you know." Says mother once, "How measurable? By the yard, or acre, or centuries, or what?" Says Mr. Considine, "We actually had home rule for you only for the factionists." "Baither shin," says Mr. Barry, "dont believe a word he says, mother; 'tis we would have it, or know the reason why, only for the Considine-McCarthy party splittin' us all up. Now they won't even help us to get amnesty for those poor boys of yours in Jail on account of some embarrassment. But we will get them if we had to make the floor of the house of commons our battleground.' See? Then mother says "I wish you will help to get these poor boys out for me, 'barrassment or not." At last mother turns to me and she says, "Have some common-sense, and give up these wild notions and dreams about freeing me. The Bishop and the honest hearts here tell you the same, and if I have to suffer on, God sees what is best, though I do have hope now and again of hearing the bugles of liberty sounding in my old ears some St. Patrick's Day or Fourth of July. 'Twould make me young again." With that I up and says, says I: "Mother, you'd never say such a foolish thing as that God sees, 'tis better to be a slave or half a slave, if these old milk-and-water, thunder-in-turf sons of yours here didn't put it into your head. Let them go along with their new patent, McCarthy-Redmondite snares and air-guns, and bring you something for your rheumatiz. I'll go out and see if I can get a few of the boys to take a hand at the rifle, and look after these foxes, and hawks and that pack of wolves that are worrying the life out of all of us. And, mother, there's going to be a fight one of these days between the 'Great Bear' and the 'Lion and Unicorn' but 'tis no use going to that show, either, without a strong showing. So mother, good-bye awhile. Bishop, console ner as best you know how, and Mr. Barry and you, Mr. Considine, see to the old woman anyway you can, we must all help her and mother, if some of us have to go away far, because we are not allowed to have guns or much liberty around your premises, we will please God live to return with a vengeance against these who robbed our brothers, and aimed to defile your daughters' fame. 'Bainact laith,' Mr. Barry and Mr. Considine, let us tolerate one another, and face the common enemy."

"Still contriving, still combining, with
a heart for any fate."

BERNARD EMMET O'MAHONY.

P. S.—Refer Mr. Barry to John Boyle O'Reilly's poem, "The Priests of Ireland."

**Wedding Silver.**

For artistic designs in wedding silver go to Peacock's State and Washington.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

## THE GAEL OF OLD.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Thou wert straight as the palm-tree
And fleet as the fawn,
Thou wert lithe as the sally
That grows by the bawn,
Thy step was as princely
As that of the stag
That drinks so intensely
From the well near the crag,
When the night has come on
And the hunters are gone,—
And thy muscles were masterly
Sinews of brawn,

Thou wert fashioned in face
Like the Roman of yore,
Thou wert built with the grace
Of the valiant Moor,
Thou wert fierce as the eagle
That circles the height,
And thy bearing was regal,
Thy ancestral right,
For ancient as Phtah
And the Israel of Jah
Were the sires of the great race
Of proud Owen More.

Thy skin's whiteness surpassed
The Ceanabhan's floss
Thy tresses so thick-massed
Were dead golden gloss,
Thou resembled the sun-god
Of old Grecian story,
And the land that thou trod
Bequeathed there its glory
Of valleys most fertile
With roses and myrtle,
And forests with floors cast
Of emerald moss.

Thou wert bound by no chain
Nor with slavery smitten,
Thou wert feared by the Dane
And the barbarous Briton,
And Cæsar's famed legions
Conquerors of creation,
Decamped from thy regions
With swift trepidation,
And the power of thy hand
On ocean and land
Gave thee fame and a gain
That has never been written.

Thy loved country was long
The sole haunt of learning,
It was sought by the throng
Of enthusiasts burning
With eager desire
And a keener ambition,
To drink in the fire
Of its wide erudition,
And scholars and seers
Came by thousands for years,
Till scourged by the red wrong
They left unreturning.

When the bard swept the strings
In the halls of Kinkora
Thou consorted with kings,—
Women fair as Pandora,
And the warriors listened
And sages the same
To the measures that glistened
With Erin's bright fame,
And the banquet-room rung
With the loud plaudits flung,
And the praise's sweet tongueings
Died but with Aurora.

When I muse on the merit
That erstwhile was thine,
I can see we inherit
With Ireland's decline,
No glow of thy glory
No flash of thy pride,
They exist but in story
And live to deride
Thy descendants today
Who for England will lay
Down their manhood and bear it
And cease to repine.

**Sterling Silver.**

Exclusive designs in Sterling Silver at Peacock's, State and Washington.

## IRISH NEWS.

### Leinster.

At the usual weekly meeting of the Dublin council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, held on Nov. 28, there were present Count Plunkett, B.L., M.R.I.A., who occupied the chair; Surgeon-Gen. King, M.R.I.A.; Prof. Looney, M.R.I.A.; Michael Moloney, Esq., Inspector of National Schools; L. J. Ryan; T. W. Conway, B.A.; R. J. Duffy; T. O'Neill Russell; Hamilton Bell, M.R.I.A.; James Halligan; Thos. Rooney; and J. J. McSweeney, the secretary.

Following is a list of the contributors of flowers, wreaths, crosses, and evergreens for the decoration of the graves of patriots in Glasnevin on Sunday, the 26th ult.: Mrs. and Miss Coffey, Clonmel; Miss Fanny Boland, Clonmel; Mr. Hooley, Inchicore; Miss Lizzie K. McNamara, Monaghlough, Arklow; the Misses Harvey, Grange, Waterford; "A Fitzharris," Mr. Andrew Kettle; Malahide; W. J. Corbet, ex-M.P., Spring Farm, Delgany; the Independent Nationalists and 'Sixty-seven men of Leixlip; Miss Nally, Balla, county Mayo; Miss Redden, William Field, M.P., Blackrock; Mrs. and the Misses Boland, Dublin; Mr. and Mrs. Nolan, and Miss Kearns, Lower Pembroke street, Dublin.

Mr. Patrick R. Ryan, Cathedral street, Enniscorthy, died on Nov. 28. Deceased was only 33 years of age, but during his lifetime had shown himself to be a sincere Irishman. In the old days of the National League he took a prominent part. At the time of the split in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary party, the deceased, like his father, the late Mr. Patrick Ryan, sided with Parnell, and remained true to his principles to the hour of his death. Both father and son stood on the platform beside John E. Redmond, M. P., on the day of the amnesty demonstration in Enniscorthy, twelve months ago last May.

Michael A. Curran, son of M. A. Curran, clerk Kilkenny District Asylum, died on Nov. 24, aged 26 years.

The following resolution was adopted at the weekly meeting of the Enniscorthy board of guardians, Nov. 25, having been proposed by Mr. T. Hayes and seconded by Mr. O'Connor: "That we again direct the attention of the government to the work that has been accomplished by the Christian Brothers in imparting a good, sound secular and religious education to the youth of the country, it being admitted on all sides that no body of instructors are more deserving of public recognition and monetary support than these zealous and self-sacrificing men, who have time after time repeatedly secured brilliant successes at public examinations, and who have in the contest for awards totally eclipsed many leading public schools of unlimited resources. We therefore earnestly and sincerely hope that Mr. John Morley, the present chief secretary for Ireland, will so far respect the feelings and conscientious convictions of the vast majority of the people of Ireland as to do all in his power to remove the humiliating and vexatious restrictions which now exclude so many of the public schools of the country from state aid, thereby reducing the compulsory education act to a dead letter."

Influenza is at present epidemic in the Athy union, and also in the adjoining districts of Maryborough and Carlow. People are suffering from the disease by hundreds, and many deaths are resulting from it.

### Munster.

Father Robert Foran, P. P., died recently at his residence, Ballylooby, after an illness of some duration. The interment took place in the parish church, after office and high mass, at which the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan presided. Father Foran was a model priest. His demise was regretted by the poor of the parish, to whom he had endeared himself by kind acts.

At the Shandangan, Macroom, Petty Sessions, Nov. 28, Mr. C. J. Harold, J. P., vice-chairman of the Macroom board of guardians, was charged with having, on the 1st of November, attempted to shoot James Kelleher, by discharging a loaded gun at him. He was also charged similarly in respect to Joseph McSwiney, and further, with beating James Jeffers with a gun. The presiding magistrates were Mr. Butler, R. M.; Sir Augustus Warren and Messrs. T. Scanlan and J. P Howard. The case was adjourned for a week.

A committee has been formed to collect subscriptions for a "Fuel Fund" in Limerick, where the severe weather is causing great privation among the poor. Mr. J. F. Bannatyne, corn merchant, has subscribed £100.

On Thursday, Dec. 7, a public meeting was presided over by the mayor of Cork, for the purpose of advocting the claims of the evicted tenants for immediate reinstatement legislation. Representatives of all parties were invited to attend.

A meeting to commemorate the murder of the Manchester Martyrs, held in Limerick Nov. 26, was a decided success.

### Connacht.

A demonstration will be held in Dunmore, county Galway, on Sunday, Dec. 17, to advocate the cause of Home Rule, the release of the political prisoners, the restoration of the evicted tenants, and the Independent party's programme generally. Messrs. John Redmond and Col. Nolan, M. P's.; P O'Brien and John Fitzgibbon will address the meeting. The chair will be taken at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 29th ult., the marriage of S. Johnston, J. P., of Fohena, Ahascragh, with Miss G. Norah Watson, fifth daughter of the late John Pim Watson, of Stowlin, Eyrecourt, was solemnized in the parish church of Eyrecourt, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion by the Misses Gardiner. The bride was led to the altar by her eldest brother, Mr. Wm. Watson. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Marion Watson, as bridesmaid, and was given away by her mother. Mr. James Johnston, brother of the bridegroom acted as best man.

Father John Kirwan, P.P., Eyrecourt, brother to Mr. Timothy Kirwan, P.L.G., Killimore died recently, after a short illness. Father Kirwan was over forty years in the sacred ministry of the church, during which time he made hosts of friends among all classes and denominations.

On Saturday, Nov. 26, the ceremony of the reception of a nun took place in the chapel of the Convent of Mercy, Westport. The young lady who had the happiness of consecrating her life to God is Miss Elizabeth Anna Mary Egan, in religion Sister Mary Gabriel, daughter of Mr. John Egan, Westport; grandniece of the Venerable Archdeacon Browne, P. P., Castlebar, and cousin of the Venerable Archdeacon Cavanagh, P. P., Knock, and of the Very Rev. Canon Barrett, P. P., Headford.

The site of a Convent of Mercy for Ballyhaunis, the building of which is about to be undertaken shortly, has been marked out and purchased. The late Canon Waldron, P. P., left the munificbequest of £1,000 toward the erection of such a convent, and this, together with the exertions of his esteemed successor, Rev. John P. Canning, who has already given evidence of his administrative zeal, in the building of a beautiful parochial residence here, insures success once the work is begun.—*Western People.*

### Ulster.

Mr. Francis George Hodder, resdent magistrate at Ennis, has been appointed a resident magistrate for the county of Antrim.

A shocking railway accident occurred at Coleraine railway station Nov. 28. The 5:50 Derry Central train was almost ready to start when a woman named McCormick was leaning against one of the carriage doors on the platform. The driver shunted the train a few yards to hook on the van, and Mrs. McCormick fell between the train and the platform. Her right leg was shattered from the hip down, and she sustained other bruises.

At the weekly meeting of the Cookstown board of guardians Nov. 25, thirty-seven guardians being present, the following resolutions were adopted: "That we, the board of guardians of Cookstown Union, approve of the proposed extension of the Midland G. W. railway to Cookstown, and hope the company will be able to carry out the undertaking, as we believe the connection will be a decided advantage to the rate payers of Cookstown and neighborhood. That the members representing this county in parliament be requested to give their support to the bill to be promoted by the Midland Great Railway company for a railway from Kingscourt to Cookstown."

At the monthly meeting of the Belfast corporation on Dec. 1 the town clerk reported that the total loss to the city caused by the great coal strike was £20,000.

At the monthly meeting of the Belfast corporation on Dec. 1, on the motion of Alderman R. J. McConnell, seconded by Councillor Henderson, Councillor McCammond was elected to fill the position of lord mayor of the city for the ensuing year.

**Fine Jewelry.**

The prettiest designs and best grades of jewelry at Peacock's, State and Washington streets.

## STONEWALL JACKSON.

In the December *Century*, Mr. George W. Cable, in an article on "The Gentler Side of Two Great Southerners," relates the following story of Stonewall Jackson, which was told to Mr. Cable by Mr. George H. Moffett, of the *Evening Telegram*, of Portland, Ore.:

"Stonewall Jackson," he said, "openly deplored, as did so many other great leaders of the South, the institution of slavery. Yet he was firmly convinced that its existence was not only guaranteed by the national constitution, but sanctioned by a divinely inspired scripture. I heard him say as much in the only political speech he ever made. It was at a meeting held in Lexington, Va., in the election campaign of 1860, his voice coming unexpectedly from a seat in the rear of the house, where he had risen in support of an aggressive resolution. He was then Maj. Jackson, a professor, as every one knows, in the Lexington Military Institute. He was a frequent visitor in the house where, as a college student, I boarded, and I had more than once heard him express in private conversation the same convictions which he, on that one occasion only, declared in public.

"My acquaintance with him was only such as a boy of sixteen would have with a man of mature years. Our only point of intimate contact lay in the fact that I taught a class in the now famous colored Sunday-school which he had organized in connection with the Presbyterian church of the town. But I believe this Sunday-school of negro children of which he was superintendent lay closer to his heart than any other object on earth except his home and family. In the war, though much under legal age, I became a private cavalryman. Sometimes I saw Gen. Jackson. In August, 1862, the day before he met and drove back Pope's army in the battle of Cedar Run, I was riding down the road leading north from Orange Court House, on my way from brigade headquarters to join my regiment on the Rapidan, when I overtook a division of infantry on the march, going toward Culpepper. The active movements of our forces indicated the sharp work that was near at hand. When I reached the head of the column I found Gen. Jackson, his cap drawn down over his forehead, riding alone and apparently buried in deep meditation of his strategic plans. I rode by with a silent salute, but he recognized me, called to me to halt, and, riding up to my side, began to talk about the colored Sunday-school in Lexington. It was a great gratification to him, he said, that the school was being kept up in his absence. So we parted, and he rode on to bloody victory.

"And once again: it was the afternoon of the first day of the second Bull Run battle, and one of the most critical moments of Jackson's whole military career. He had come round through Thoroughfare Gap, putting the Bull Run Mountains and Pope's whole army between himself and Lee. Pope had turned, closed in upon him, and brought him to bay. The battle had been raging for hours, and though Longstreet had come to Jackson's aid, no one could yet say that Jackson's hard-pressed left would not be overwhelmed. Our battalion of cavalry under Maj. Patrick had been halted near Groveton—almost in the centre of the field of battle—and sharpshooters were deployed to meet the enemy, who were coming down the Warrenton pike. At this moment General Jackson rode up. There was hard fighting everywhere. He conversed for a few moments with Major Patrick, and then turned and spoke to me. He said that certain of our men on an eminence above the road were needlessly exposed, and bade me ride to them and call them in. I had started to obey, when he suddenly stopped me with—

"'Oh! I had a letter a few days ago from Dr. White, and he tells me that our Sunday-school is still kept up.'

"That was all. I went my way to execute his command, and he rode back to his infantry. I never saw him again."

So spoke my narrator, whom I thank again here for allowing me the honor to tell the story after him.

**$100 Reward, $100.**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonial.

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For engagement and wedding rings go to Peacock's, State and Washington streets.

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Two sets of carved oak chairs and tables, designed for Irish societies' rooms, imported for the Irish Railway's Pavilion at the World's Fair, may be seen and bought at a valuation for ten days only, from T. J. MacMahon, Irish Railway agent, No. 303 Western Union Building, Chicago.

**Something Interetiang to Every Family.**

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

W. J. CAREY, ATTORNEY, 1117 UNITY BUILDING.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that by virtue of a decretal order made by and entered of record in the Probate Court of Cook County, in the State of Illinois, on the 14th day of November, 1893, in the matter of the petition of George F. Hennessy, Administrator of the estate of Andrew J. Turner, deceased, against Grace Turner and Minnie Hayes, defendants, I, George B. Hennessy, said administrator, will, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of Friday, the 15th day of December, 1893, at the judicial salesroom of the Chicago Real Estate Board, at No. 57 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois, offer for sale and sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of the said Andrew J. Turner, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, viz: Lot number thirteen (13) of Block numbered three (3) of "The Addition to Glencoe," being a subdivision of the South East one-quarter (S E ¼) of the South East one-quarter (S E ¼) of Section Seven (7) Township Forty-two (42) North Range Thirteen (13) East of the third Principal Meridian, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts and costs of administration of said estate due and to accrue. Said real estate is subject to the dower right of Grace Turner, widow of said deceased. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale is confirmed by the Probate Court.

Chicago, November 16, 1893.

GEORGE B. HENNESSY,
Administrator of the estate of Andrew J. Turner, deceased.
W. J. Carey, Attorney.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 60 DEARBORN-ST. CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF JOACHIM KRAATZ, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Joachim Kraatz, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 28, 1893.

WILHELMINA KRAATZ,
Administratrix.

JOHN McKEOUGH, ATTORNEY, 25 & 27, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE—ESTATE OF GEORGE L. Ritzhaupt, debtor. The undersigned hereby gives notice that George L. Ritzhaupt, of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, did, on the 15th day of November, A.D. 1893, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said George L. Ritzhaupt are hereby notified to present such claims, under oath or affirmation, to me, at Rooms 25 and 27, 81 S. Clark-st., in said County, within three months from this date.

Dated Nov. 18, 1893.

AUGUST METTE, Assignee.

John McKeough, Attorney.

## Business Directory.

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**Attorneys.**

JAMES O'CONNELL,
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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the December Term A. D. 1893. The Free Home Building, Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, &c., vs. Bridget Drennen and the unknown heirs at law of Jeremiah Drennen, deceased. In Chancery. No. 124,047.

Notice is hereby given to the said The unknown heirs at law of Jeremiah Drennen, deceased, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its Bill of Complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County, January Term, A. D. 1894. Harrison Elliott vs. Harrison H. Elliott, sometimes called Alexander H. Elliott. In Chancery. No. 124,429.

Notice is hereby given to the said Harrison Elliott, sometimes called Alexander H. Elliott, that the above named complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

# Christmas, 1893

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Patter, patter, 'tis the patter of the raindrop on the roof;
'Tis not the raindrop, 'tis the clatter of the reindeer's tiny hoof.
The children are all fast asleep and tucked away a-snug,
Dreaming of the coming morning, when one will have a mug;
One will have a candy pistol, one will have a slate;
Every one will have a treasure, each will be elate!
Papa, mamma, dear Kriss Kringle, a long time have planned out;
And know when they the presents purchased what they were about.
Christmas morning, bright and charming, comes but once a year;
Let us each one then determine to make it bring good cheer;
So the morning bright or cloudy, be it rain or shine,
Take the blessings as we find them under our "fig and vine."
Let us feel nowhere the pleasure which we find at home,
Then indeed we will be happy and never wish to roam.
Let contentment be our watchword ever through this life,
Remembering home and Christmas morning ever in the strife.
A happy childhood with memories bright and gay
Oft helps the tired wayfarer on his lonely way;
In looking back he views his childhood's home so bright
That while he dreams of home and strives for heaven he sees the beacon light.
—Philadelphia Times.

## THE LOST GROSCHEN.

It had been snowing all day, intense cold had succeeded the storm, and the stars, shining brightly in the clear sky, looked down on the good old town of Nuremberg in the year 1500. It was a beautiful winter night, and although the curfew hour had passed the lights still glistened through the small diamond shaped window panes in the houses, and the church bells rang out loud and clear.

The people were coming out of their dwellings and walking slowly but cheerfully along the streets, not seeming to mind the crisp cold nor the deep snow under their feet.

The throng of people had passed on and the voices of the bells had become mere reverberations, when a little girl about 8 years old appeared in the principal street, which was now silent and deserted. She was alone and looked so small as she walked fearlessly along, taking short steps so as not to slip on the hard glistening snow, and singing in a soft voice, made a little tremulous by the sharp cold, an old Christmas hymn about the angels, Bethlehem and a child asleep in a manger.

Suddenly she stopped, uttered a cry of dismay, and falling on her knees began searching for something in the snow. She was evidently unsuccessful, however, for her sighs changed to tears and her grief increased until it found vent in sobs.

"My money," she cried; "my poor groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen!"

Like an answer to her prayer there sounded not far off a strange, sweet melody, and she dried her eyes suddenly and looked about, half expecting to see an angel, for she thought the music must have come from heaven, so beautiful it was.

But she soon perceived a figure without wings, harp or halo, a lad about 15 years old, dressed unlike any one in Nuremberg, with dark blue breeches, a short cloak on his shoulders and a little red cap on his black hair. He carried a musical instrument and touched the strings as he glanced up at a house where a light was gleaming. It was the home of a rich merchant, and a lantern swung from above the doorway, and this light had attracted the young musician. When he had played a few chords on his lute, he sang, and the little girl, remembering the guide of young Tobias who had seemed but a simple traveler, began to think that the singer was indeed an angel. The child did not understand the singer's words, and feeling sure that he was using the language of heaven she threw herself at his feet, clasped her hands and raised her eyes entreatingly to his face.

"Good angel, I pray thee," she cried, "help me to find my groschen! I beg thee in the name of the infant Jesus!"

"What is the trouble, little one? Tell me, and if I can help you I will. There is so much sorrow in the world for every one that I always like to help other people carry theirs." He smiled cheerily as he spoke, and the child answered:

"I have lost my money—my groschen. We never have anything nice for supper, but because it is Christmastime my mother gave me the money to buy a sausage and an apple pie, but I have dropped my groschen in the snow. We have no more, and now we can have no Christmas supper."

"Where did you drop it?" asked her listener, and when she pointed to the spot he knelt down and began turning over the snow. His back was turned toward the child, when he gave a cry of triumph and held up a coin in his fingers.

"Oh, you must be an angel!" cried the little girl joyfully. And he added with a smile:

"A Florentine angel then. My name is Maso Napone. Remember it and pray for me sometimes, little one. Now, goodby. Go buy your supper."

"Not until I have been to the midnight mass," replied the girl. "My mother is ill, so I must go and pray for her."

"Then I will go with you," said Maso, taking her hand. "What is your name?"

"Christine Dachs. My mother is the Widow Gudule."

"Your mother has to work?"

"Yes, she does beautiful embroidery. I do a little of it, but I have not learned to work very well yet. Pretty soon I shall do it better, and then mamma can rest. She is often tired and weak, and when she cannot work we have no money."

"I am all alone in the world," said the youth when Christine stopped speaking. "I have no parents, no money, no home. My father's creditors took everything except my lute, so I left Florence, and now I earn a little money by singing in the streets, but I often have to sleep in the open air and without supper."

As they entered the church Maso doffed his hat reverentially, dipped his fingers into the holy water font and touched them to Christine's. Then the two children knelt down in the shadow of a great pillar which rose to the high arched roof. At the end of the nave stood the altar, gleaming with wax lights and flooded with the rising incense; priests, acolytes, and choristers were engaged with the Christmas service, and one could see the fluttering white surplices and the glitter of gold and precious stones on copes and stoles.

The whole congregation joined in singing the carols, and the weak, broken voices of the aged, the silvery ones of the children, the sweet tones of the maidens, the clear high notes of the young men and the strong, deep ones of their elders combined to produce harmonies both powerful and sweet. Maso could not keep silence. Suddenly his voice rose above the rest, and it was so full, so clear and so sweet that every one near turned to look at him. A tall man wrapped in a great cloak left his place, and coming nearer to the lad listened attentively, with his eyes fixed upon Maso's face as long as he continued to sing. Neither of the children noticed the stranger.

After they left the church Maso led Christine into a provision shop, and not allowing her to spend her only coin purchased ham, fruit and pastry for her, and then, seeing that she shivered in the cold night air, he took off his own cloak and put it round her shoulders. "Now I will take you home," he said. And when they reached her door she asked wistfully: "Will you not come in and have supper with us, as if you were my brother? Mamma will be so glad."

Maso followed her in and was welcomed by the Widow Gudule. While they sat at supper Maso told them of his childhood's home in Italy, which had been opulent, but sad, because motherless, of his father's ruin and death and of his own wanderings.

"And so, mother, he sings—you should hear him! The angels in heaven have not sweeter voices," exclaimed Christine, and the lad, taking up his lute, struck the chords lightly, then began to sing, while the mother and daughter listened with clasped hands and tearful eyes. As soon as he stopped there was a knock at the door. Christine opened it fearlessly, for there was nothing in that poor home for robbers. Outside stood the tall man who had been in church. He recognized the child and smiled as he said:

"My dear, I want to speak to your brother, who has just been singing."

"He is not my brother," said Christine, surprised.

"No? Well, it does not matter. I want to see the lad who was in church with you. Tell him Master Kriegwinckel wants him a minute."

This man was one of the most celebrated musicians of that time, not only in Munich, where he lived, but throughout the music loving world. Little Christine, however, knew nothing about him, and thinking that the stranger merely wished to compliment Maso upon his singing she bade him enter. He bowed politely to the widow and then addressed Maso, saying:

"You have a beautiful voice, my lad—an unusually fine one. I am an old man, but I have seldom heard such a voice as yours. You understand what you sing, too, and you love music. You have all the makings of a great artist. But—you do not know how to sing!"

"That is because I have never been taught," said Maso sadly and humbly.

"I observed that. It is not your fault, and it can be remedied. How old are you?"

"Fifteen on Candlemas day."

"Very good. I have a proposition to make you. Have you relatives?"

"None. I am all alone."

"Better still. I will take charge of you. I will take you back to Munich with me; I will teach you music and singing, and in three or four years—you will see! Kings and princes will invite you to come to court and sing for them, and I shall have the honor of giving the world another great musician. Perhaps you have heard of me. I am Kriegwinckel, leader of the choir in Munich."

"I would be only too happy, master," Maso stammered, "but I am obliged to earn my living. I have nothing"——

"You will not need money. I will treat you as my own son, and you will earn a great deal more than your living when I have taught you music. It is agreed, is it not? Ah, it was not for nothing that I watched you in the church, followed you out and after losing sight of you in the crowd searched for you until I heard your voice through that window. But I must leave Nuremberg tonight. Come."

The boy took up his cloak and lute, saying: "Goodby, Christine, I will come back some day. Do not forget me."

The girl clung to his arm and whispered: "I shall never forget you. I thought at first that you were an angel because you sang like one and were as good as one. I will love you all my life."

"Then ask your mother to kiss me good night. It will bring me luck," he said, and the Widow Gudule, clasping him in her arms, prayed that heaven's blessings might always follow him. As he turned away he handed his purse to Christine, saying:

"The master says I shall not need money, so here are my day's earnings. I have had a very good day, and they will help you until your mother can work again."

Eight years passed.

The Christmas bells were ringing merrily, and the people, coming out of their houses to attend midnight mass, greeted each other with Christmas wishes. Among the throng there was none who received more salutes and friendly smiles than an elderly woman who leaned on the arm of a beautiful young girl, tall and slender as a reed. By the light of the torch she carried, the girl's bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks and golden hair were seen, and every passer looked at her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burgomasters murmured as they met her, "God bless that sweet young creature!" while the poor people exclaimed aloud, "God bless the widow and her daughter for their goodness and charity to us!"

These two were but simple working people, yet all Nuremberg honored them. Every one knew that Dame Gudule Dachs, when left a widow with her child to bring up and her husband's debts to pay, had set about bravely to perform the task. She had become the most successful embroiderer in the town, her daughter had soon grown celebrated for her taste in designing new patterns, and now the widow owed nothing and could hardly fill all the orders she received from the richest ladies in the land.

As the people entered the church the organ's peal rose to the vaulted roof, and Widow Gudule, kneeling at Christine's side, heard her murmured prayer: "Sweet Saviour Jesus, protect him! Bring him back to us that I may tell him I have not forgotten him!"

The mother smiled sadly, for she had had experience of the world, and she knew that with young people remembrance often fades. Every Christmas eve Christine had said, "Suppose he should come tonight!" and when her mother tried to explain how unlikely it was that the youth who for a single hour had been their guest should ever think of them again the girl only shook her head and answered, "He will come."

The widow was growing uneasy, for her daughter was 16 years old.

Suddenly, just as the priest turned round to administer communion to the faithful, a voice in the choir rose above the organ's strains, and Christine's face was transfigured as she whispered, "It is he!"

Oh, that beautiful voice—powerful, impassioned, yet as sweet as if it came straight from heaven!

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth" it sang, and Christine, carried out of herself as she listened, wept softly and wondered whether it were not indeed an angel's voice. With a saddened look in her soft blue eyes, she followed her mother out of the church, casting a wistful, timid glance up the dark winding staircase which led to the choir, and the widow, who also had recognized the voice, hurried her daughter away.

When they reached the street, the girl looked about her in vain, for there was no sign of the red cap and dark curls of the young lute player, no strange figure was to be seen except a tall man wrapped in a handsome cloak and wearing a gold embroidered cap which glistened in the moonlight. When the two women arrived at their home, this person stepped quickly up, and with a bow said:

"Merry Christmas to you, Dame Gudule! Merry Christmas, Miss Christine! Will you let the Florentine singer share your supper once again?"

"I knew he would come, mother!" cried Christine, and the widow, in spite of her misgivings, almost against her will, added:

"He is welcome as before."

They all entered the house, and when the girl had lighted the candles on the supper table Maso Napone gazed round the room eagerly. It was unchanged, and he even recognized the old chest on which he, the poor orphan minstrel, had laid his cloak and lute on that night eight years before. When Maso took off his cloak, Christine was astonished to see that the slender stripling had become a strong, handsome man, who looked at her with smiling admiration. Her simple yet well fitting blue gown showed her graceful figure to advantage. While she filled his cup Maso said to her, "One might take you for an angel now."

Then he related how Master Kriegwinckel had brought him up and taught him and been a father to him. The old man was dead now, and Maso once more traveled about to earn his living by singing. But he went as a great artist, not a poor vagabond. Kings and princes wrote asking him to come and sing to them, just as the master had predicted. He was rich and honored, and yet he was not happy, for he was alone.

"Dame Gudule," he added after a pause, "you once gave me a mother's kiss—will you now accept me as your son? Will you let me ask Christine if she remembers her promise?"

"I remember," murmured the girl, while her mother smiled and nodded.

"You promised not to forget me, and to love me all your life," he said, taking her hand. "I have always thought of you, and I love you, Christine, my little Christmas rose! Sweetheart, will you be my wife?"

"I knew you would come back," was all her answer.

Then Maso put upon her finger a gold ring set with precious stones, and said gayly, as he kissed her lips:

"A queen gave me this ring, and I kept it for you, my darling, that are more precious than all the queens on earth!"—J. Colomb in Short Stories.

### The Christmas Box.

The origin of the term "Christmas box," as applied to donations of Christmas spending money, is uncertain, though antiquarians generally seem to think that it was derived from the custom of placing money for masses to be said or sung on Christmas day—therefore "Christ masses"—in a box, which from this use was called a Christ mass box, a term gradually corrupted to Christmas box and finally applied to all money given as a Christmas gratuity.

### Yuletide Song.

Heigho, the Winter! The bluff old fellow,
In meadow and field he roars amain.
The maple that late was deck'd in yellow
Has doffed its leaves in the gusty lane.
Heigho, sweetheart! I will find thy tippet,
Thy dainty hood for thy golden head,
And out in the frosty air we'll trip it
And over the stubble gayly tread.

Heigho, the Winter! He brings the holly,
The frolic of Yule's enchanted tree,
And the mistletoe—now, by my folly,
There will be a kiss for thee and me!
Heigho, sweetheart! With a "Hey down derry"
We'll sack the wood of its treasures now.
But, oh, there's never a bramble berry
Is half so red as thy lip, I vow!
—Richard Egerton.

## OLDEN FESTIVITIES.

### WILD REVELS CELEBRATED THE CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO.

**Survivals of the Roman Saturnalia and the Feasts of Janus—Episode of the Fourteenth Century In Paris, When Four Nobles Perished at Court.**

In spite of clerical protests, in spite of anathemas, in spite of the condemnation of the more thoughtful and the more virtuous, Christmas in the earlier days frequently reproduced all the worst orgies, the debauchery and indecency of the bacchanalia and the saturnalia. Even the clergy were whirled into the vortex. A special celebration called the feast of fools had been instituted in their behalf, with a view, said the doctors of the church, "that the folly which is natural to and born with us might exhale at least once a year."

If even among the clergy heathen traditions survived so strenuously, what wonder that they survived among the laity? The wild revels indeed of the Christmas period in olden times almost stagger belief. License was carried to the fullest extent of licentiousness. Even in the seventeenth century, when the festivities had been slightly toned down, Master William Prynne discovered in them the vestiges of paganism which are apparent enough to the historians of today.

"If we compare," he says in his "Histrio-Mastix," "our bacchanalian Christmas and New Year's tides with these saturnalia and feasts of Janus, we shall find such near affinitye between them both in regard of time—they being both in the end of December and on the 1st of January—and in their manner solemnizing—both being spent in revelling, epicurism, wantonnesse, idlenesse, dancing, drinking, stage plaies, masques and carnall pomp and jollity—that we must needs conclude the one to be but the ape, or issue, of the other."

Yet the practices which Stubbes and Prynne condemned were mild and tame compared with the excesses practiced at the French court for centuries. Inebriety ran rampant. No wonder that in the period of torches and wooden palaces accidents frequently occurred which more than once involved provinces in mourning.

Memorable above all other episodes of this sort was the catastrophe which occurred at Paris in 1393. The Christmas festivities had been partaken of in the wildest spirit of riot and disorder. But the court was not yet satisfied. Then Sir Hugonin de Guisay, the most reckless among all the reckless spirits of the period, suggested that as an excuse for prolonging the merriment a marriage should be arranged between two of the court attendants. This was eagerly agreed upon.

The management was intrusted to Sir Hugonin himself. He was well fitted for anything wild and unusual. He was loved and admired by the disorderly as ardently as he was hated and feared by the orderly, for it was his pleasant habit to exercise his wit upon tradesmen and mechanics, whom he would accost in the street, prick with his spurs and compel to creep on all fours and bark like dogs before he released them. Such were the traits which endeared him to the courtiers of his most gracious majesty and Christian king of France.

The marriage passed off in a blaze of glory with an accompaniment of attendant Gargantuan pleasantry. At the height of the ceremonies Sir Hugonin quietly withdrew with the king and four other wild ones—scions of the noblest houses in France. With a pot of tar and a quantity of tow the six conspirators were speedily changed into very fair imitations of the dancing bears then very common in mountebanks' booths. A mask completed the transformation. Five were then bound together by means of a silken rope cut from the tapestry. The sixth, the king himself, led them into the hall. Their appearance created a general sensation. "Who are they?" was the cry. No one could answer.

At this moment entered the wildest of all the wild dukes of Orleans. "Who are they?" he echoed between hiccoughs. "Well, we'll soon find out." Seizing a brand from one of the torchbearers ranged along the wall, he staggered forward. Some gentlemen attempted to stay him. But he was obstinate and quarrelsome. Main force could not be thought of against a prince of the blood. He was given his way. He thrust his torch under the chin of the nearest of the maskers. The tow caught fire. In a moment the whole group was enveloped in flames. Presence of mind or common sobriety might have saved them. But there was none of the latter there and but two instances of the former.

The young Duchess of Berry seized the king and enveloped him in her ample robe. Thus he was saved. Another masker, the lord of Nantouillet—noted for strength and agility, rent the silken rope with a wrench of his strong teeth, pitched himself like a flaming comet through the first window and dived into a cistern in the court, whence he emerged black and smoking, but almost unhurt.

As for the other four, they whirled hither and thither through the horrified mob, struggling with each other, fighting with the flames, cursing, shrieking with pain. Women fainted by scores. Men who had never faltered in a hundred fights sickened at the hideous spectacle. All Paris was roused by the uproar and gathered, an excited mob, about the palace. All sorts of reports were current, that the princes were engaged in deadly strife being the one most credited. At last the flames burned out. The four maskers lay a black and writhing heap on the floor. One was a mere cinder. A second survived till daybreak. A third died at noon the next day. The fourth—no other than Sir Hugonin himself—survived for three days, while all Paris rejoiced over his agonies. "Bark, dog, bark!" was the cry with which the citizens saluted his charred and mangled corpse when it was at last borne to the grave.—New York Herald.

## OLD CHRISTMAS SONGS.

**Familiar but Reverent Treatment of the Sacred—Words of a Simple Folk.**

For the most part the old songs speak with the voice of poverty appealing to wealth, and so it is not strange that Christ's humble birth should be dwelt upon. On that ground at least the supplicants seem to feel their nearness to the Man of Sorrows who had nowhere to lay his head. The ever recurring plea to the rich to give alms of their goods—"gifts of the day's gladness"—is a reminder of the one who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The familiarity with which sacred things are touched is not irreverence, but rather the innocent freedom of the child to whom God seems a kind father and Jesus a gentle elder brother.

The holy names are almost always coupled with some adjective expressive of affection—"sweet Jesus," "Mary mild"—and the pretty Cornish carol tells how the Virgin was called Modryb Marya, "our dear Aunt Mary," by the people on the Tamar side. The honest Christian must often feel inclined to avert his face from the asperities, controversies and persecutions of warring creeds, but in these strains that survive from an age that is past we find only the loving and tender side of religion—the words of a simple folk who were not afraid to creep close to the Father's knee and lay hold upon his robe.

In many of these old songs the good cheer peculiar to the day is dwelt upon, with a frank delight which reminds one of the child's "innocent joy of anything sweet in the mouth." Thus runs one exultant strain:

O you merry, merry souls,
Christmas is a-coming.
We shall have flowing bowls,
Dancing, piping, mumming.

The materialistic bard waxed enthusiastic over

The larders full of beef and pork,
The garners filled with corn,

and each stanza of one of the carols winds up with the appetizing burden, "Plum pudding, goose, capon, mince pie and roast beef." Father Christmas was esteemed as "entering like a man," when "armed with spit and dripping-pan." After a year of hard work and hard living the poor folk looked forward to a lavish feast, and it is small wonder that their minds dwelt chiefly upon such dainties as

Delicate minced pies
To feast every virgin;
Capon and goose, likewise
Brawn and a dish of sturgeon.

From Sedding's "Ancient Christmas Carols" is taken "Masters, In This Hall"—one of the quaintest and most pleasing of the lays that were sung by the Yuletide minstrels in the days of old:

To Bethlehem did they go, the shepherds three,
To Bethlehem did they go, to see who'r it were so or no,
Whether Christ was born or no,
To set men free.

Masters, in this hall,
Hear ye news today
Brought over sea,
And over I you pray,
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell!
Sing we clear;
Holpen are all folk on earth
By God's Son so dear.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### When Christ Was Born.

Now, it happened when the Saviour was born that certain wise men in the far east had seen a star.

They knew the meaning of the light, and they repaired on camels across the desert to the city of Jerusalem.

Arriving at the court of Herod they inquired, saying: "Where is he that is born king of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the east and have come to worship him?"

Herod was sorely troubled by this question, and he asked of the wise men where this ruler was born.

"And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judæa; for thus it is written by the prophet.

"And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah are not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel."

Herod was wroth and jealous of this new monarch, who seemed to be destined to overthrow him.

He told the wise men to go on to Bethlehem, and after they had found the Saviour to return to him with the news of his whereabouts.

Guided by the star, which had gone before them for many weeks, they arrived at the little home where the Saviour was dwelling.

They fell upon their knees and worshiped him, and when they had opened their treasures they presented him with gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Hence it is that every year in the beautiful Christmastide the parents give presents to their children in celebration of the Saviour's birth.

### Christmas Pleasantries.

Lord Henry Bentinck, though he was shortsighted and had to wear glasses, was an admirable rider and a most popular master of hounds. It was he who inquired from a rash cavalier who was overriding his hounds, "May I ask, sir, do you smell the fox?" and who said to a large landed proprietor suspected of vulpecidal acts, on his remarking that he regarded a particular wood as quite a seminary for foxes, "I think, general, you mean cemetery."

Spending Christmas with a friend, Lord Henry was asked at luncheon by the rector after service in a church which had been profusely adorned with evergreens, but in which the congregation had been small, what he thought of the decorations. "I thought," he replied, "that there was plenty of cover, but very little game."—San Francisco Argonaut.

### An English Christmastide Custom.

In Staffordshire, England, the children when hanging up their stockings on Christmas eve repeat the following rhyme addressed to the good fairy of Christmas, believing that it will infallibly insure the bringing of whatever gift they most desire:

Christmas fay of Christmas day,
Let me wish what wish I may.
If I think, with love, of you
You will make my wish come true.

## KRISS KRINGLE.

**A Corruption of the Words Christ Child Now Applied to Santa Claus.**

In these days Kriss Kringle is looked upon as an alternative name for Santa Claus; but, in fact, he is, etymologically and historically, a totally different being, though the two personages have been welded into one in the popular imagination. A very small knowledge of German reveals the fact that Kriss Kringle is simply a corruption of the word "Christkindlein," or Christ child, whose connection with the Christmas festival is too obvious to need explanation. But what seems inexplicable is how the Christ child of the past, the Holy One, whose nativity is the subject of commemoration in that feast which we call Christmas, should have evolved into the white haired, white bearded, merry hearted and kindly old pagan whom we call indifferently Kriss Kringle or Santa Claus.

Yet at the very moment when we have come face to face with this apparently insoluble paradox we have reached the solution which seemed impossible when we strove to understand the much less startling transformation of St. Nicholas into Santa Claus.

We remember that the Christmas festival of today is a gradual evolution from times that long antedated the Christian period; that though it celebrates the mightiest fact in the history of Christendom it was overlaid upon heathen festivals, and many of its attendant observances are mere adaptations of pagan to Christian ceremonial.

This was no mere accident. It was a necessary measure at a time when the new religion was forced on a deeply superstitious population. In order to reconcile heathen converts to the new faith and to make the wrenching of the old ties as painless as possible these relics of paganism were preserved under modified externals, exactly as the antique columns were transferred from ancient temples to adorn the Christian basilicas.

In course of time, as the idea of mundane merriment rather than religious sanctification at the period of Christmas became the predominant one, St. Nicholas or Santa Claus lost his asceticism, became ruddier, jollier, more rubicund in aspect, while the Christ child faded more and more into the background, until at last the very name of the latter under the slightly different form of Kriss Kringle was transferred to his successor.—Selected.

### Yuletide Superstitions.

While traveling at Christmas time in the old English county of Devon a few years ago, I found it peculiarly affluent in these odd Christmas superstitions and customs. Every family I visited provided, if able to afford them, a "Yule cheese" and a "Yule cake" for the Christmas season, and it is considered very unlucky to cut them before Christmas day.

The same superstition prevails with regard to the "Yule candle"—a very tall one specially provided—and the "Yule dog" or log—a large stick for the Christmas fire. Misfortune is regarded as certain to follow if either candle or log is lighted until just as the family are sitting down to supper on Christmas eve, and it is also considered a sure precursor of evil for any one to stir the log or snuff the candle during the progress of the meal.

On Christmas morning no member of the family must stir out of the house until its threshold has been crossed by the footsteps of some male outsider. If a woman or girl is the first to enter on Christmas morning, ill luck is sure to follow. Another Devonshire superstition is that if the sun shines brightly at noon on Christmas day there will be a plentiful crop of apples in the succeeding summer.—Buffalo Express.

### The Christmas Stocking.

A jolly device to take the place of the tree is a big stocking with its top held open by a circle of wire. The stocking is made of striped calico or any available stuff and must be big enough to hold all the gifts, which are to be done up stoutly in pasteboard and paper. Each is tied with twine, and a long end is left. A tag is fastened to each string bearing the name of the one for whom the package is destined. Then all the packages are put into the stocking. When it is time for the distribution, each must find a string with his or her name on it and take hold. At a given signal all pull at once.

The fun will be increased if it be the rule that no one can get a gift except by pulling at the string, and that no one must use the hands to disentangle strings. It would perhaps be better to put in only one gift for each person at one time. Then, when all have got their packages, a second batch is arranged; then a third and so on.

A big horn of plenty, suspended so the gifts can be easily drawn out by strings, is a slight variation of this suggestion. If preferred, in either case the strings may be pulled one by one by a single person who has been chosen giftmaster.—New York Press.

### Christmas Bells.

How many memories gather round the sound
Of bells, those silver monitors to us!
Whilom they peal dire dangers, and the ground
Trembles to tramp of feet fear furious;
Whilom they toll above some burial mound.

Again, they summon souls to praise or prayer
They mingle in with music when it plays
Melodious, so that all of life seems fair,
Or tinkle dimly in the covert ways
Where wethers lead the flock that is their care.

Whilom at sea they hoarsely boom, and fright
The good ships from the rocks; on land they tell
The time o' day by morning, noon and night,
Chime o'er the sleeping city, all is well,
Or bid the folk be up with early light.

But where be bells so buoyant, sweet and strong
Upon the air as these of Christmas time?
So fraught with precious meanings is their song,
So swelling with a hope and joy sublime,
Christ's bells, to you all beniscne belong!
—Richard Burton.

## AN OPAL WITH A HISTORY.

**Five Men Who Wore the Fateful Stone Overwhelmed With Misfortune.**

Some years ago a gentleman named Beard, who was one of the wealthiest residents of Houston, was traveling on horseback from San Antonio to Austin. In his saddlebags he had a supply of provisions, liquor, etc., the usual commissary supplies incident to horseback journeys. A few miles from Austin he rode up to a tree under which lay a stranger, sick almost unto death. He asked Mr. Beard for assistance and was given some provisions and a generous draft of whisky. The fellow was suffering with a raging fever and realized the necessity of getting to where he could have proper medical attention. He asked Mr. Beard if he could spare him a few dollars, at the same time drawing from his finger a heavy gold ring set with a magnificent opal, which shot forth flashes of red, blue and golden light as the stone was moved. Mr. Beard took the ring, giving the man $3, which was about half the change he had with him, promising to call on the man in the hospital in Austin, where he hoped to hear from friends and would redeem the ring. Mr. Beard rode on, after making the stranger as comfortable as possible.

Some two or three days later he went to the hospital and found his man still very ill, but he had failed to receive the expected remittance. After chatting with him awhile he took his departure. When he visited the hospital next day, he found the man was dead. He returned to Houston, forgetting all about the ring, except as he happened to notice it. The second day after his return he lost a lawsuit involving $80,000. From this time everything he touched proved unlucky. One day he was in Austin gloomily meditating over his ill luck when his eye chanced to fall upon the opal, which he swears was emitting a yellowish green light and seemed to mock at him. Like a flash the story of the opal and the ill luck that attached to a possessor came into his mind, and drawing the ring from his finger he started for the Colorado river, intending to throw it in the stream. On his way he met a friend, the sheriff of the county, to whom he communicated his intentions.

The officer said it was a shame to throw away such a magnificent gem and begged that he might have it instead. The opal changed ownership right there, and three days afterward the sheriff was shot and killed. The opal then passed into the hands of a lawyer, who was thereupon unfortunate until he died, and the ring went into the hands of the fifth man, who soon went crazy. From this time Mr. Beard lost all trace of the opal, after following its history through the hands of five different men, all of whom met with misfortune as soon as the gem came into their possession.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Rome and London.

A correspondent of a contemporary gives some interesting details, comparing the value of land in the city of London today with the value of land in ancient Rome.

A business freehold property in the city, offered for sale by auction, was withdrawn at £176,000, or at the ratio of £45 per foot. It appears that the house of Clodius cost what would be £119,479 of our money. The Roman palaces naturally fetched higher prices, while smaller houses cost less. The residence of Crassus sold for £28,000.

On the whole it would seem that real property in Rome in the time of the empire was almost as valuable as it is in the metropolis now. In Rome, as in most cities during the mediæval ages, the houses were not only places of business, but also and chiefly private residences. The house of Clodius, for example, besides its storerooms, where the produce from his country estates was kept for sale, contained the usual apartments of a private mansion. The Maison Plantin at Antwerp is a fine example of a sixteenth century house, where under the same roof were the business offices and private apartments of the proprietor. As in England and the low countries, so, in Rome, the value of such houses as places of residence affected the prices they fetched in the market. Therefore the comparison with the price realized for purely business premises is in some measure untrustworthy.—London Land and Water.

### African Decoration.

A tribe of West African women, who are forced to forego clothing on account of the heat, turn the entire attention of their personal decorative instincts to their heads, torturing their wooly locks into all sorts of fantastic designs. The "buffalo horn" is a favorite; the lock hair hangs in tight ringlets, and the front is divided into two rolls, and wound around long curved shells which stand nearly upright from the head. Another popular design is a halo round the head, formed of tightly braided little pigtails, which are held in position by a hoop of wood, which encircles the head. The hoop represents the nimbus of a saint, and the little tails the beams of heavenly light.—Philadelphia Press.

### Moon Influences.

Many superstitious beliefs as to the "influence" of the moon still remain, even in this last decade of the nineteenth century. In some localities it is believed to be unlucky to be empty handed when one first beholds the new moon, and among the same people having silver in the hands or gold in the pockets is a "good sign." If one is about entering upon an important undertaking, he had best defer proceedings until the moon is "falling"—that is, until some time between "new" and "full" moon.

### A Difference.

Bagley—Do you have your clothes made to order?

Brace—When I strike a new tailor. With the old ones they are made by request.—Exchange.

## FLOWER SUPERSTITIONS.

**Maidens' Barometers For Divining the Depths of Their Sweethearts' Love.**

It is singular to see how many meaningless ceremonies are now practiced by young women—ceremonies which were formerly used in earnest as love charms or incantations. Most of these have an amatory origin, and in connection with not a few certain flowers are used, presumably as a means of foretelling the future. In several parts of New England when a young lady expects a visit from her lover she will pluck a marigold, take it in her hand when he arrives and carry it until the end of his visit, when from its fresh or faded condition she will judge of the strength of his affection.

A German girl, after having been called on by her lover, will put a star flower or dandelion in water and leave it there until his next visit, drawing an omen from its condition, while a Spanish maiden will take a moss rosebud, wear it on her breast, and if it expands to become a perfect flower the omen is considered exceedingly fortunate. A superstition of the same kind is shown by the East Indian maiden who places a poppy in her hair. In England the primrose is used for the same purpose, and in country districts of New England the spikes of the rib wort plantain are taken, wrapped in dock leaves, placed beneath a stone, and if the next day signs of new buds appear the omen is considered happy.

In France young ladies desirous of ascertaining the extent of a lover's affection take the common daisy and pull off its leaves one by one, with the question, "Does he love me? Does he love me little? Does he love me much? Does he love me with all his soul?" Marguerite in "Faust" uses the common blue bottle with similar questions. In England the ash leaf is sometimes employed to ascertain the faithfulness of an absent lover, and the Irish maiden learns of her future by putting a shamrock in her shoe, after which she walks abroad, and the first man she meets or one of his name will be her husband.—New York Advertiser.

### Some New York Breakfasts.

Nearly every German bakery on Third avenue serves breakfast and luncheon to the furnished room population of the east side. Some serve eggs and cold meats, coffee, tea and chocolate. The majority, however, provide only coffee, tea, rolls and cakes. Nine out of ten of the customers take coffee and cake. The latter is not the French or American kind. It consists of four varieties dear to the German palate—apple, peach, prune and sugar. The last named is also called cinnamon. It is made of bread dough on the upper surface of which is spread some butter, sugar and cinnamon. Then it is baked hard.

The peach and apple cakes are made of thinly rolled bread dough, surmounted by slices of apples or peaches, as the case may be. When a little butter and sugar have been placed between the slices, the baker has approached as near perfection as possible. The dough of the prune cake is made like the other and covered thickly with mashed stewed prunes.

In the best bakeries a slice of any of these cakes from four to five inches square is sold for 5 cents. A good cup of coffee or tea with milk and sugar costs the same. Those who like light and sweet breakfasts can thus be satisfied for 10 cents. Probably 5,000 east siders eat such breakfasts in the bakeries every morning.—New York Sun.

### The Origin of Starching.

The course of history carries us back no further than the year 1564 for the origin of starching in London. It was in that year that Mistress Van der Plasse came with her husband from Flanders to the English metropolis "for their greater safety," and there professed herself a starcher. The best housewives of the time were not long in discovering the excellent whiteness of the "Dutch linen," as it was called, and Mistress Plasse soon had plenty of good paying clients. Some of these began to send her ruffs of lawn to starch, which she did so excellently well that it became a saying that if any one sent her a ruff made of a spider's web she would be able to starch it. So greatly did her reputation grow that fashionable dames went to her to learn the art and mystery of starching, for which they gladly paid a premium of £4 or £5, and for the secret of seething starch they paid gladly a farther sum of 20 shillings.—New York World.

### A Hair Splitting Bishop.

It is recorded of a certain hair splitting English bishop, who was accustomed to compose his "charges" in the train, and whose desk was always placed opposite to him, that he invariably treated it as though it were a living vis-a-vis. The train being very full on one occasion, a would be passenger inquired if this place was taken, and the bishop, with his sunniest smile, expressed regret that there was no room. "I don't think that was quite right, my lord," said one of his fellow passengers. "What was not right?" inquired his lordship urbanely. "To say that the place was taken." "Pardon me, I did not say that it was taken; I was particularly careful to use the word 'occupied.'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

### He Was a Senator.

Senator Allen of Nebraska is a big, burly man who looks like a prosperous dealer in live stock. Shortly after his arrival in Washington he was stopped at the door of the senate chamber by a new doorkeeper, who informed him that no one save senators was allowed on the floor. Mr. Allen smiled sadly, waved his hand and said: "Very well, sonny, I'm a senator. I don't look it, I know, but I am, just the same," and passed into the sacred precincts.—Chicago Herald.

### Her Preference.

"Pow is it your little baby sister goes to sleep as soon as your father takes her?"

Little Four-year-old—I 'spec' it's 'cause she'd rather do that than stay awake and hear him sing.—Beau Monde.

### Newspaper Enmities.

Mr. Murat Halstead, writing in "The Making of a Newspaper" about his early editorial experiences, speaks of Charles Hammond of the Cincinnati Gazette as the Ohio editor who was paramount in the forties and fifties. He was a Whig, an ardent supporter of Henry Clay and in general a very dignified and severe sort of man. Mr. Halstead tells one story, however, which shows that he must have had other qualities.

Mr. Hammond and Robert T. Lytle, the most accomplished Democrat of his day in Ohio, had been out together on a long walk, when it occurred to the editor of The Gazette that he was expected to furnish a leader for the next day and must make haste to do so.

Lytle, loath to part with such good company, followed him, making an unaccustomed appearance in a Whig office. The shades of night were falling fast. Lytle patiently held a candle while Hammond wrote rapidly for almost an hour, when, with an expression of gratification that his work was well done, he thanked his friend for his polite and gracious attention, called a printer, handed him the copy, mentioned that he did not care to see the proof, and the two distinguished gentlemen resumed their promenade and finished the festival.

The next day it occurred to Lytle to look into The Gazette and see what had been produced by the pen of a ready writer while he held the candle, and to his surprise and disgust that gradually became amusement he found that it was a very bright, and he thought extravagantly overdone, though not absolutely malicious, assault upon himself, in which his shortcomings as a politician were unsparingly reviewed, but his personal cleverness admitted with a funny pretense of reluctance.

### She Got It at a Bargain.

A woman in whose company the scribe recently found herself was relating with some pride an instance of her own shrewdness. She remarked as a sort of preface to her story that any one who wanted to get the best of her would have to be an early riser. Said she:

"I wanted a screen in the worst way. I didn't want a cheap, common looking one, and I did not want to pay for an expensive one. So one rainy day I started out to look at screens in all the best stores. Of course they didn't bother me when I said I was 'only looking,' so I wandered around among the screens at my own sweet will. There was one—a paper one, but awfully pretty—that just suited me. Unfortunately my long umbrella got in the way, and I punched a couple of holes in the back of it. I was frightened, for I thought I ought to pay for that screen, and I really could not afford it. By and by a clerk came along and I asked him the price of it.

"'That's $8,' said he, consulting the tag.

"'But it's badly damaged,' I objected, mildly. 'Couldn't you let me have it for less? See these holes!'

"And when he had consulted the head of the department he reduced the screen to $5, and I bought it. Of course I didn't like to pay the expressage out to Evanston, but I consented when I realized that I had saved $3, and by paying for the screen I had damaged had squared things with my conscience. Besides, it was really a pretty screen."—Chicago Times.

### Sham Knowledge.

It is easy enough to learn what the gypsies call the "patter" of various professions. One can discourse learnedly, on leaving a concert hall, concerning the value of the music he has heard, or he may criticise a picture, with the proper references to "foreshortening," "high lights," "middle distance" and the rest of it.

"It is a fine poem—yes, a very fine poem," said a would be critical friend to an author, "but you will excuse me for saying I don't think you have a perfect understanding of the sonnet form. The pause hardly comes in the right place."

The author bowed and smiled merrily, and afterward a common friend said to him:

"You seem to take criticism very cheerfully."

"Bless you," said he, "that isn't criticism, but it amuses Tom to deliver it. The poem he was talking about isn't a sonnet at all. It has 19 lines."

Agassiz was once asked what he thought of an attack made on his scientific position by a certain scholar and thinker who had a book knowledge of the different theories advocated by the representatives of science, and decided that Agassiz must be ranked in the second or third class. He burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, just think of it!" he said. "He undertakes to fix my place among zoologists, and he is not a zoologist himself! Why, he has never even been an observer!"—Youth's Companion.

### The Innocent Car Driver.

This conversation was overheard on the front platform of a horse car between a very tipsy passenger and the driver. The passenger was unsteady and chatty, and the driver wearied of his prattle.

"Oh, don't talk to me," said the driver finally. "I want to tend to business."

"Scuse me, boss," mumbled the chatty passenger, a trifle humbly, and then abruptly, after a moment's reflection, as having struck a happy thought, "Wha' y' drink?"

"Well, I don't drink water," replied the driver, without relaxing in severity.

"Beer?"

"I didn't say so."

"Well, here, have somethin wi' me," and the inebriate, who had been saved by the driver half a dozen times from pitching over the dashboard, handed some small change to the driver and jumped off the car, promising to wait at the corner till the driver returned. The driver turned to the reporter, who chanced to have overheard this dialogue.

"I know pretty well how to work these old stiffs," he said. "I sometimes make pretty near a day's wages out o' 'em. Why, I've made as much as $3 a day. I made 30 cents out of this stiff—and I don't drink a drop."—New York Sun.

## DESCRIBE YOUR FRIEND.

**And Then See How Well Your Picture Will Fit Scores of Others.**

"He was a young man and fairly good looking; smooth face and without glasses; wore a dark suit; was about 5 feet in height and looked like a married man. Anybody would know him." Such was the description turned in by a young woman who slipped quietly into the city editor's office and wanted to advertise for Chalmers. It appeared that Chalmers had left home, and nobody knew why, and this young woman had faith that her recital of his personal traits would bring him back. It was a good example of the average person's power of description of a fellow being.

It is totally inadequate! Though man be fearfully and wonderfully made, there seems to be an unaccountable inability in nine persons out of every ten to give a creditable word picture of any one whom they have seen. Because we understand the looks of a person when we meet them, it never occurs to the mind that other people do not grasp a thorough idea of his appearance with a few passing phrases of description.

Your friend comes in, and you explain to him that such and such a man has just called for him, but almost invariably your exposition is a jumbled lot of phrases which apply to the human race in general.

The other day when I rushed into my office room with a column story on the end of my tongue—or at the tip of my pen, to be more accurate—I was given this greeting:

"Hello! A man has just been in to see you."

"What did he look like?"

"Oh, he was a good looking fellow—not very tall, rather heavy, but not too much so."

"Was he old or young?"

"About 29 or 25, I should say."

"What color of hair?"

"I don't remember now. However, I don't think he had a mustache."

"How dressed?"

"Oh, just an ordinary business suit."

Have you ever heard such a description? If not, watch yourself next time you tell of some one's call. You will be surprised to find that your description would fit almost any member of the human race.

Why is it?

I don't know. We read in books that it's because we don't cultivate the habit of intelligent observation.

There was once a boy who learned how to describe what he saw. Every morning he was sent by his father to walk rapidly by an elegantly arranged window, and then afterward to repeat to him all the things he saw at this one glance at the panorama and to describe them. At first the lad could remember but few things that his eye may have caught in the passing glance, but in time he could remember almost everything in a show window by merely seeing it once.—Boston Herald.

### At the Manicure's.

The manicure with the golden hair was bending over the hand of a new customer.

"Do you want your hands bleached?" she asked.

"Yes."

She applied the bleach, using more than the ordinary quantity upon the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. After working for about five minutes she stopped and said:

"It is always difficult to remove nicotine with the first application."

"Wh-a-a-t?" gasped the society girl, elevating her eyebrows. "Nicotine? What do you mean?"

"The cigarettes, you know," replied the manicure. "It's perfectly awful how they stain the fingers, ain't it?" And she smiled a smile that even the society girl couldn't resist. That made them friends, and they fell to discussing the different brands of cigarettes. And when the job was done the society girl whispered:

"What'll take the stain off?"

"Use lemon juice—I do—we all do."

"Thanks."—New York Herald.

### About Opals.

The prejudice against opals appears to be disappearing. Anyhow they are popular. There are several varieties of opals and therefore several degrees of merit. The precious, or noble, or oriental opal is the supreme. This has all the colors, and when these colors are broken into spangles it is then called the harlequin opal. Then comes the fire opal, or girasole, with hyacinth red and yellow reflection. The former comes from Hungary, the latter from Mexico. The common, or semiopals, are nonopalescent. The hydrophane, or oculus mundi, is nontransparent, but becomes so by immersion in water or any transparent fluid. The cachalong is nearly opaque and of a bluish white color. The hyalite is colorless, pellucid and white. The opal jasper or wood opal is the petrifaction of wood, opalescent, but without the coloring which makes the "noble" gem so precious.—Chicago Tribune.

### Working For a Holiday.

An Englishman stopping at one of the hotels was commenting upon the extreme restlessness and incessant go of Americans. He said, "You Americans have such a beastly idea of the compensation of work."

"What do you mean?" questioned a Pittsburger standing near by.

"Oh, you people work for money," was the explanation.

"I don't see anything beastly about that," was the retort. "May I ask for what you Englishmen work?"

"Why, we work for our holiday," was the reply.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Vienna.

Vienna is of nearly circular form, being 12 miles in circumference. The old city, or city proper, is, however, scarcely three miles round. It was formerly inclosed by fortifications. Immediately outside of these was a wide esplanade called the Glacis, which has been elegantly built up and is called Ringstrasse, one of the most splendid streets in the world.—Brooklyn Eagle.


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## Society Directory.

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State Delegate, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 530 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Matthew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Rede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Rede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; Michael Punch, V-P; E O'Reilly, R S, 577 Henry st; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4265 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5029 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 530 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 530 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Michael S Finnegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P B Flanagan, R S, 3623 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Mich'l Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 20—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, FS; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; B Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos J Fitzpatrick, Pres, 2717 Wentworth av; Thos Kelley, V P; James Gannon, R S, 3256 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunneo, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6035 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Roey, Fin Sec; C Mcinerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon. Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1088 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4759 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John O'Tremin, 773 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Depeen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Eblebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 21 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 75 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 579 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Dement. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael M Dalton, 2806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3723 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harrard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Keppy, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1094 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T L Prairie, 2837 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3132 Archer av.

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McMullen No 44—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 621 Oak st; R S, A C Bowe, 252 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, [illegible]man. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in [illegible] Cass st and Chicago av.

St George No 45—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2353 Archer av; R S, Herbert Hartig, 2230 Lyman st; F S, J P Gorman; T, M Frank. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays [illegible] and Bonifface sts.

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